

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Our cover

● The engaged couple of the month, tennis star Ashley Cooper and the 1957 Miss Australia, Helen Wood, looked happy when they posed for this picture in Brisbane. Ashley and Helen met in Brisbane a year ago when Ashley was playing in the Queensland Tennis Championships. Helen was a schoolteacher at Tinaroo Falls, North Queensland, where her father, Mr. Arthur Wood, is head teacher. Ashley's father, Mr. R. J. Cooper, of Oakleigh, Victoria, is also a teacher. After the Davis Cup Helen's parents will entertain at a party at the Queensland Lawn Tennis Association Clubhouse, Milton, Brisbane, on January 2 to celebrate her 21st birthday. Picture by Lionel Keen.

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"AU-TOMIC" (left) was the name Mrs. Stanley Hancock gave to this striking model fashioned from curled, dried leaves of the custard-apple tree, set off with a cluster of berries. The taveny leaves were frosted with hair lacquer.

ABOVE: Mrs. W. McL. Pitt called her creation "Spring Salad." Made from shallot leaves on sparterie shape, it was decorated with baby carrots and beetroot, parsley, and red capsicum nestling in brussels-sprout leaves.

MODEL HATS FRESH FROM GARDEN PATCH

HIGH-FASHION fresh from the garden patch recently turned all heads at the Brisbane City Hall when model hats made from flowers, leaves, and vegetables were shown at this year's Red Cross Chelsea Flower Show. The hats, made by Brisbane women, were as smart as they were original, and they lasted surprisingly well. These models still hadn't begun to droop, though they weren't photographed by Lionel Keen until the end of the two-day show. They are modelled by Yugoslav Rosita Nesic, a newcomer to Queensland.



LEFT: Two dozen roses were cleverly transformed into a cocktail-hour veig by Mrs. Malcolm Carseldine. They were picture rosebuds, tightly clustered over a sparterie crown, that had been painted leaf-green to give the illusion of foliage.

RIGHT: A crown of ivy leaves trimmed with white everlasting daisies, wild rice, and red ardisia berries was shown by Mrs. Rob Carlile, who wore the hat to a cocktail party three days after she made it for the show.



SOUTHERN CLOUD



IN FLYING KIT of the 1930s, Captain Travis Shortridge, who tried desperately to avert the crash of the Southern Cloud, being photographed by Mr. Ted Henkel, then music director of the Capitol Theatre, Sydney.



MOUNTAIN that kept its secret. Rugged slopes of 5000ft. World's End, in the Snowy Mountains, where trees grew to cover the wreckage of the Southern Cloud, discovered after 27 years by keen bushwalker Mr. T. R. Sonter.

• **There were warnings in the sky that fateful day, when flight was young and eight people perished.**

CAPTAIN TRAVIS SHORTTRIDGE woke that day just before the alarm went off at six o'clock.

He got out of bed immediately — he was used to early rising — and as he dragged on his dressing-gown he peered down through his flat window into Cross Street, Double Bay, N.S.W.

It was a wild grey morning of wind and racing cloud, and he frowned as he saw the cloud. He hated cloud.

Saturday, March 21, 1931 — and he was taking the Southern Cloud from Mascot to Melbourne.

Shorty Shortridge — for that's what all his friends called him — went to the kitchen and put on the kettle, and while the water was heating he quickly shaved and made two cups of tea and

took one in to his black-haired, brown-eyed wife.

"A dirty day," was all he said.

He was 33, a handsome, suntanned young man with curly, dark brown hair, brilliant grey-blue eyes, and an enchanting smile which showed his white teeth.

He had been born in India, son of an Irish father and English mother, was a graduate of the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst.

Born airman

He was a Lieutenant in the Irish Fusiliers in India when he learnt to fly, transferred to the R.A.F., transferred again to the R.A.A.F. and came to Australia in 1927, and two years later turned commercial pilot.

He was a born airman and instructor, almost a legendary figure, who handled a plane or a car at speed with a master's touch, though at this time he had been flying long hours, working very hard, and was tired.

He once buzzed the Geelong

Express at engine-smoke level. He flew under the Harbor Bridge before the arch had met. He dived on a group of high R.A.A.F. brass at Richmond airbase and sent them scattering for safety.

Every girl who met him fell in love with him, and he loved black, hot Indian curry.

That March morning as he showered he sang, as he usually did, "Singin' in the Shower," and as he hurried back to the bedroom to dress in an old brown tweed suit, with a cream shirt, a dark brown tie and brown shoes, and to put on his gold watch, a flat square with rounded corners, the children were already up and in the kitchen.

Elizabeth, the eldest, was not Shorty's daughter but a child by his wife's first marriage. Elizabeth is now Mrs. A. E. Prior, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., and has three daughters.

But Yvonne, who was 11, was Shorty's daughter. She is now Mrs. Y. A. Hayter, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., and has two children, Cynthia, 14, and Christopher, 10.

That wild morning Shorty had his favorite breakfast — bacon and eggs and grilled tomato and coffee — and then, before he packed the small brown leather bag he always took with him, he put into his inner coat pocket a gold presentation pen and pencil, and his wallet which contained a small photograph of his wife and the two girls, taken on Double Bay beach, and a talisman he never flew without — one sovereign.

At 7.10 a.m. he kissed his wife and Elizabeth goodbye, and as he left Pasadena Flats his daughter Yvonne was waiting and took his hand, for this was a morning ritual.

She was already dressed in the blue-and-white uniform of her school, St. Gabriel's, Waverley, for her mother was taking the girls to the "talkies" later in the day.

Hand in hand, Shorty and Yvonne walked down to the end of Cross Street, where he

• This is a recreation — and as accurate as possible after 27 years — of what happened that grey and fateful morning of Saturday, March 21, 1931, before the Southern Cloud took off from Mascot, Sydney, to crash and burn five hours later on a mountain near Cabramurra called World's End. It was written by Ronald McKie from interviews with the close relatives of plane passengers who died in the crash.

said, "I'll be back soon, Wain" (a Scottish pet name which means baby), walked to catch a taxi, turned and waved.

Yvonne ran back to the flats, gobbled her breakfast, then went out in front again for the second daily ritual with her father, who never failed, whenever he flew, to say goodbye from the air.

She waited and waited, then, soon after 8.30 a.m. and flying under the scudding clouds, the Southern Cloud came over Double Bay, wagged its wings twice over Cross Street, and turned south.

Yvonne waved, as usual, until the plane was out of sight.

But at the cinema later that day Mrs. Shortridge (who died in Singapore after World War II) suddenly developed a feeling that "something was wrong," and in the middle of the film — it was "Seven Keys to Baldpate" — took the children home.

Happy start

The Cloud was overcast the weather over the Alps over Victoria, was dreadful.

"Don't worry, Mum," Yvonne said as her mother went to the phone again. "Daddy's the best pilot in Australia."

Now the wind was flinging the rain against the flat windows.

As Shorty and his daughter walked down Cross Street that morning, passenger Bill O'Reilly had just finished breakfast of a chop and egg at his home in Richmond Avenue, Randwick, N.S.W.

He was a tall, slim, good-looking man of 25, with black hair and blue eyes.

He was dressed in a dark blue suit, white shirt, and tie, and he had plenty of time because he had awakened early, his bag was packed, and a friend had promised to pick him up and drive him the few miles to Mascot.

As he drank a second cup of tea his mother brought him the "Daily Telegraph" — a damp because it had rained heavily the evening before and the grass was wet.

He saw that Smithy — Air Commodore Kingsford Smith — had just been awarded the Sir Henry Segrave Medal.



PORTRAIT of Victorian victim Miss Elsie Glasgow (inset) is treasured by her brother, Mr. Frederick Glasgow, of Flemington, Victoria (above), shown with his wife, Mr. Glasgow, a retired salesman, said: "It's a relief from strain in a certain way, but it's going through it all again. We were a family of 10, but I have only three sisters living, Mrs. Ethel Faull, of Brunswick, Victoria, Mrs. George Motteram, of Frankston, Victoria, and Mrs. Jean Nightingale, of Carlton, Sydney. Elsie Glasgow was 40.



AMERICAN Clyde Hood with members of the Sydney State Theatre Ballet, of which he was producer at the time of his death. He booked on the Southern Cloud to visit his wife, South African stage star Bertha Riccado, shown at right.



Plane tragedy of 1931



THE SOUTHERN CLOUD a few weeks before it was lost in March, 1931, on a flight from Sydney to Melbourne, and, right, its pilot, Captain Travis ("Shorty") Shortridge. A handsome, suntanned charmer and ace airman, Shorty Shortridge sang in his shower before dressing for the fatal flight. "A dirty day," he said when he looked at the sky.



By
RONALD McKIE

orial Trophy for his Atlantic and Anglo-Australian flights, that Dame Clara Butt was due in Sydney that day, and that a plane had crashed in England.

He glanced through the window at the angry cloud, then looked for the forecast: "Rain. Squally southerly." He had made a number of flights and loved the new sensation, and the thought of a bit of dirty weather didn't worry him.

After his family had settled in Sydney from Cobargo, on the N.S.W. South Coast, where his father had been a stock-and-station agent, he had taken his Leaving at St. Joseph's College, studied accountancy, joined the firm of Horley and Horley, and had later started on his own. He had business in Mel-

bourne and by plane he could do a lot of work in the week-end and be back at his office on Monday morning.

At 7.45 a.m. he heard the car horn—the warning signal—and put on his coat and hat.

His brother John, a chemist who is now dead, shouted goodbye from the bathroom, his sisters kissed him—Marjorie, Olga (now Mrs. D. A. Bergin), Nancy (Mrs. M. F. Hardie, wife of Mr. Justice Hardie), and Kit (Mrs. M. C. Goodwin).

At the front door he kissed his mother—she died about 10 years ago—hurried down the path, and waved from the gate.

As Shorty and his daughter walked down Cross Street that morning Clara Stokes had breakfasted on tea and toast at her flat in O'Sullivan Road, Rose Bay, and was just finishing dressing as she waited for a taxi.

Generally called Claire, she wore a simple black frock and

wore a string of lapis lazuli beads and earrings to match, and her black gloves were on her handbag waiting, and on the bed was her beige coat with a fur collar.

Clara shared the flat with her twin sister, Lillian (now Mrs. L. Tulloch, of Surrey, England), and Doreen Aiken (Mrs. Noel Cole, wife of a wealthy Auckland businessman).

Clara and her sister had moved originally to Rose Bay from their home at Cremorne—her father, Mr. R. H. Stokes, was an engineer in the Water Board—so that they would be nearer East Sydney Technical College, where they were both attending the Art School.

Her birthday

Clara, after completing her art course and while attending Julian Ashton's art school at the same time as William Dobell and Fred Coventry, had taken a job with the badge-engraving firm Amor and Co.

She was very small, petite, with brown hair, brown eyes, and perfect teeth and hands. She was a clever girl with a deep love for music and for reading. She had a lovable personality.

That morning of her first flight she was 25.

Clara's flight to Melbourne that day was not long planned. She had made a sudden decision to fly south to see an old friend. The friend was about to have a serious operation. The friend was going blind.

The evening before she had telephoned her mother to tell her that she was on the next morning's plane and would be back in a few days.

She therefore didn't see her parents or the other members of the family—Harry Stokes, who lives in Fiji, Helen (Mrs. H. J. de Vries, of Holland), Hester (Mrs. H. Roy, of East Lindfield), and Molly.

When she drove into Martin Place that morning to catch the bus to Mascot, John Watson was waiting. They

were not engaged but they were very friendly.

He is now a Sydney management consultant, is a playwright, and the author of "Pommie," which has been produced in London and Australia.

That morning, as they travelled out to Mascot in the bus, John Watson noticed that Clara seemed a little nervous—for flying was an adventure in those days.

He took her mind off the trip by reminding her of the wonderful party they had recently attended aboard the Helen B. Stirling, the last four-masted sailing ship to enter Sydney Harbor, and how, dressed as pirates, the guests had rowed out to dance on the deck and sup on beer and sausages.

Mascot then was not much more than a few tin hangars and one not very good runway.

John Watson walked out with the passengers, stood beside the aircraft, and talked to Clara through the window.

The last thing Clara did before the plane took off was to smile down at John and wave some cottonwool at him and indicate, through the motors' spluttering roar and smoke, that she was going to put some wool in her ears.

John Watson watched the Cloud take off and disappear. Then, "unaccountably sad," although he did not imagine the plane would crash, he said to himself, "I will never see her again."

PILOT'S daughter, Yvonne, now Mrs. Y. A. Hayter, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., with her children, Cynthia, 14, and Christopher, 10. Captain Shortridge waved the wings of the Southern Cloud to say goodbye to his daughter, then 11, as he flew over Double Bay, Sydney, on his last flight.



FOR 27 YEARS Mr. Roland Farrall, of Windsor, Victoria (above), has carried in his wallet this picture of his brother, Mr. Hubert ("Bert") Farrall. The picture was taken the day before "Bert" Farrall left Melbourne for Sydney. While in a chemist shop, the chemist said to him, "I have a new lens in my camera. Let me try it out on you." Mr. Roland Farrall said the picture was a very good one, that his brother had gone to Sydney for his firm, Irrewarra Cream Co. "Bert" had travelled a day earlier than he planned. A dog fancier, he wanted to visit a dog breeder in St. Arnaud. "Bert" Farrall was the third son in a family of six boys and one girl. When the plane was reported lost, most of the family searched for it and covered thousands of miles by car.



ATTRACTIVE Clara ("Claire") Stokes, of Rose Bay, who was forewarned by Sydney management consultant-playwright Mr. John Watson, right. This drawing of Clara is by fellow Sydney art student Fred Coventry.



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RONALD McKIE probes a present-day custom about which parent, teacher, and teenager heartily disagree...

GOING STEADY

FOR:—

- Mother: "A girl with a steady has no fear of being a wallflower."
- Teenage girl: "Going steady has many advantages, few disadvantages."

AGAINST:—

- Noted woman doctor: "A sort of insurance against loneliness."
- Teenage girl: "One of the most difficult problems is sex."

● Diana, the adolescent daughter of friends, made a face when I asked her how she had enjoyed a small charity dance.

"It was dull and horrible," she said. "I danced with the same boy all night — and he couldn't dance, either." "Why didn't you dance with the other boys in your party?" I asked. "It would have been more fun."

"Of course it would," she said, almost fiercely. "But if a boy takes you to a dance, you dance only with him. It's the custom. It's part of going steady."

Going steady is one of those curious social customs which arrive, generally from the United States, are accepted uncritically, dominate an age group, and remain until they're replaced by something better or worse.

The late Dr. Marion Hilliard, distinguished Canadian woman doctor and writer, condemned it as "emotionally damaging."

Less expensive

Before her death recently, she defined going steady as a "sort of insurance against loneliness," and said:

"The girls know they will always have a date. The boys find it convenient and less expensive."

"They never have to make any effort to learn to handle a new situation or adapt to different personalities. They settle into this teenage pattern so completely sometimes that they find they can't even dance with other partners."

"They become fixtures in each other's homes. When they can support each other, they get married."

A dreary picture, but most teenagers' parents I talked to agreed it was accurate.

One mother, whose opinions more or less represent those of parents who find little or no merit in going steady, told me that her daughter, who was 17, hated the custom.

She said: "My daughter naturally wants to meet people and dislikes being stuck with one boy."

"One boy she knows actually asked a girl to dance. The girl replied, 'Oh, but I've got my own partner.'"

"It's so dull, so unadventurous," the mother protested. "I'm glad I grew up when you never knew what dark-haired stranger you'd meet, and parties were fun

even if you were terrified before you arrived."

Some parents support going steady, although they are a minority.

A mother of three adolescent girls said: "My household runs smoothly only when my girls have steadies."

"My girls argue that if you accept an invitation from a boy you should like him well enough to dance with him all night. As they generally go about in groups, they do meet others."

"They say that the girl without a steady feels a failure."

"It certainly seems necessary for self-esteem. It does give a girl a sense of social security; she has no fear of being a wallflower."

"Marriage doesn't seem to be in mind in going steady. It's more what I'd call being engaged to be engaged."

"Going steady is often not as steady as it sounds."

"The 15 to 16 year old goes very steady for a long time. The 17-year-old advances to perhaps two steadies in a year. The 18-year-old changes more frequently."

"Parted steadies often seem to remain good friends. A boy or girl with a new steady will discuss the qualities of the new with the old."

One mother of a 17-year-old gave a programme dance to show that "mixed" dancing could be more enjoyable than dancing all night with one boy.

"It was a wonderful success," she said. "They loved dancing with different partners and every girl knew she was booked for every dance."

"Their mothers reported they talked for days about the wonderful new idea called programmes."

Two girls, both nearly 17, one with a steady and one without, gave their views.

"The first girl regarded having a steady as an achievement, and, without contempt, pitied the girl who lacked one."

"We go about in a group, and although we stick to our steadies we know one another pretty well," she said.

"We have plenty of fun, but it's different from the fun our mothers had. We're more serious. We like security."

The other girl belongs to the minority group.

She thinks going steady a dull arrangement suitable only for old married couples.



"It has a dreary sameness about it," she said. "I like the excitement of the chase."

"One of the most difficult problems of going steady is sex. If you go steady with one boy too long, things inevitably get complicated. I prefer to be free to switch whenever I like."

During this survey I heard that Mr. C. O. Healey, headmaster of Sydney Grammar School, and others had tried at Grammar dances to encourage adolescents to change partners and mix more. This was his opinion:

"I think the origins of steady partnerships are partly fashion, which comes from mass entertainment, and the concentration on teenage sex, and partly an innovation which boys and girls seize because it makes certain they will not be left out in the cold."

"Many parents frankly don't know how to train their children in social behaviour."

"Many parents want their children to have the fun they did not have, but don't know how to provide it."

Sentimental

Mr. Healey did not agree that the custom came from the need of adolescents for security in an insecure world.

"That's a popular sentimental explanation," he said, "but I don't believe that adolescents are concerned much with ominous world undertones."

Nor did Mr. Healey think that going steady was as socially undesirable as many people seem to think.

"It is not altogether unhealthy, and is much better than no boy-and-girl relationship."

"But it tends towards two extremes — over-emphasis on sex or a relationship which starts at 15, is incredibly virtuous and dull, and ends with marriage at 21."

"Going steady is not, as some people have suggested, an appalling threat to the virtue of our children."

"It could be, if parents become even more lax."

"Liberty is good for children, but liberty does not mean freedom from obeying laws."

"The worst liberty, in my opinion, is the freedom of the family car."

"It is the duty of parents to know where their adolescent children are going, and who they are going with, and it is the duty of the children to tell their parents, and to consider it discourteous not to let them know, if they will be late."

"At the same time, parents must not be too inquisitive with children who are not far removed from adulthood."

Miss Elizabeth Kirkhope, Principal of Lauriston Girls' School, Melbourne, says:

"Some parents — the very few, I'm glad to say — are satisfied if their daughter finds a boy-friend, and are inclined to sit back and say we must see she sticks to him, for then she'll get married."

"They do this rather than look to the overall picture of the girl's future happiness viewed in the fullest sense. No girl or boy of 15 or 16 can know how his or her interests will develop during their next few formative years."

Miss Kirkhope's school, Lauriston, is one of 47 private schools in Victoria whose heads have deplored parental laxity and ignorance towards adolescents, advocated that social life for boys and girls be more simple and suitable to their age, and have indirectly criticised going steady.

In a simple social code sent to all parents they have strongly advocated that at social functions adolescents should dance with as many partners as possible.

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WEDDING AT HISTORIC CAMDEN PARK



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. John's Church, Camden. Mr. and Mrs. Paterson Saunders are watched by flowergirl Anne Stanham. Pat is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Saunders, of Darling Point.



THE BRIDE, Pam Macarthur-Onslow, looks from the window of her home, Hassall Cottage, Camden, before leaving for the church with her father, Mr. Edward Macarthur-Onslow. Her gown was of embroidered nylon.



AT LEFT: At the late-afternoon reception in the grounds of Camden Park House, Mrs. Dugald Munro (right) admires Pam's wedding ring, watched by the groom and Dugald Munro.

AT RIGHT: Housemaid at Camden Park House, Joan Holdsworth, takes a photograph of the newlyweds and their flowergirl as they pause in the doorway of the historic homestead, which was built in 1837. Color pictures by staff photographers Robert Cleland and Ron Berg.



Pam Macarthur-Onslow, sixth-generation descendant of John Macarthur, was married to Pat Saunders at St. John's, Camden, New South Wales.

It was an all-white wedding, with the only color in the gold of the bridesmaids' bouquets. Their long-stemmed yellow daisies and the bride's lily of the valley were picked that day from the garden of Hassall Cottage.

WEDDING GROUP. The bride and groom leave St. John's followed by their attendants, flowergirl Anne Stanham, Colin Ryrie and Sally Spurgeon, Cam Alexander and Diana Horn, Theo van Dugteren and Caroline Clarke, Michael Tooth and Rosemary Ashton.



ON THE LAWN are (from left) Diana Horn, Jock MacCallum, Michael Osborne, and Mrs. John Broinowski. From the church guests drove out to Camden Park House, the home of Lady Stanham, which she lent for the occasion.



MOTHER OF THE BRIDE, Mrs. Edward Macarthur-Onslow, talking to Joan Ashton, of "Millamolong," Mandurama. Pam and Pat left by car for their honeymoon at Thredbo. They will live on a property in the Mudgee district.



TRIO OF GUESTS (from left), Wing-Commander Hugh Le Good, Mrs. Graham Body, of Inverell, who wore a double-skirted dress of coffee silk, and Mrs. Michael King, who chose a spotted dress and a silk organza coat.

Simple Arithmetic proves that...

ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



1 IT TAKES ONLY
ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX
FOR A FAMILY WASH-UP



2 = x 128
ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS
128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR
128 WASH-UPS

3
USING SOAP
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A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF
AT LEAST 10 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP
—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 9 DRYING-UP.
THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.
FOR 128 "SUDS" WASH-UPS.

4 NOW LET'S SEE HOW TRIX
CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF
 BECAUSE IT
DISSOLVES
GREASE QUICKER
TRIX WASHES CLEAN FASTER

5 AT THE VERY LEAST
TRIX SAVES ½ MINUTE
ON EACH WASH-UP—
A SAVING OF
1 HOUR 4 MINUTES
FOR 128 WASH-UPS!

6 AND AS
TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP
(ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR
128 WASH-UPS) ...
YOU ACTUALLY SAVE
ANOTHER 10 HOURS 12 MINS.

ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING
AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!



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in Practically Every Cleaning Job!**
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No need to dry-up when you use Trix! You see... when you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming; you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking. Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles... absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes. That's why Trix means a cleaner wash-up. Microscope tests show that suds-washed-and-wiped-up dishes team with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!

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—makers of famous MORTEIN



FATHER



"We brought some ice-cream along in case you people serve supper."

MOTHER



"Try moistening them with water and rubbing gently with soap."

It seems to me

ACTOR - DANCER
Robert Helpmann is such a brilliant and amusing fellow that one hesitates to pick a quarrel with him.

But the other night in a Sydney television interview he made some comments on drama critics that warrant an answer.

Mr. Helpmann doesn't like drama critics — though, goodness knows, he is so talented that he must have suffered less from them than most actors.

Nobody blames actors for not liking critics. It must be vile to creep out across the damp lawn in the early morning and read an unfavorable notice.

But one particular statement made by Mr. Helpmann is unsound.

He said that any small-part actor in a show knows more about the play and the theatre in general than most critics.

For that matter, any message-girl on a newspaper knows more about the problems of producing a newspaper than most readers. But the readers are the judges.

Plays are produced for the entertainment and stimulation of an audience composed of ordinary people, not for those with special knowledge.

The playwright and the actors must get the message across. Anyone in the audience is entitled to form judgment and it is a critic's job to put that judgment into words.

He is in a difficult position, of course. If you agree with him he's a good critic and if you don't he's a bad one.

By



Dorothy Drann

SOMEBODY has put forward the theory that the present relationship of doctor and patient is too formal.

The suggestion is that patients would feel more at ease if they called the doctor by his first name.

But I think there's a good deal to be said for formality.

Once you know a doctor, his first-name terms your faith in him tends to be less strong than when you used the magic prefix "doctor."

If everybody called doctors by their Christian names the

is the sort of scene that would be likely to ensue:

"Hullo, Bill. I have four new aches and pains this week and I don't want to be told that the origin is psychosomatic."

"No, I didn't take the last lot of medicine. Actually, old boy, you're on a wrong track. I've been reading up some of this stuff and I've diagnosed myself."

"What? Well, look at it like this, old chap. It's my ache, you know, and I should have better idea what's wrong with me."

"Why do I come to see you, then? Frankly, Bill, old chap, the chemist won't accept a prescription, so I said I'd come and talk over with you on a friendly, informal basis."

The plan has its tempting aspects, but on the whole I like the old respectful doctor-patient relationship best. You feel you're getting something for your money.

WOMEN attending a housing conference in Washington, U.S.A., told builders that American front doors were too commonplace. They would like, they said, "more drama" in the front door.

Drama in doors. Of course there is to consider

The heavy solemn bronze that stands bank

Beside the yellow gaiety-seeking panel That hides suburban sorrows in a house

Or the anonymous rows in halls of flats Numbered, and clueless to the life within.

Thus from outside. But more dramatic still

The role the door plays to its owner who,

Hearing the knock, is filled with surprise.

A telegram that brings good news—bad?

A parcel or perhaps a long-lost friend Or (here a stab of fear) some unknown threat?

Leave it unanswered maybe? No, that,

What might you find? (Oh, quick, the may not wait.)

—The neighbor's child with tickets for a fete.

THE New South Wales State Liberal Party Convention has put forward a scheme for what might be called a "jackpot" pension.

It would provide an age pension increase of £1 a week for every five years that a man or woman did not claim the pension after becoming eligible.

In other words, a woman who did not claim a pension until she was 65 would receive a pound a week more than if she claimed it at 60.

If she waited until she were 70 she could claim £2 above the base rate.

The scheme seems both ingenious and sensible.

Mr. R. M. Duncan, president of the Cremorne branch of the N.S.W. Liberal Party, whose idea it is, points out that many men and women are able to support themselves for some years after the pensionable ages (65 and 60 respectively).

The Government could not lose on the deal. Five years of unclaimed pension at the present rate, £4/7/6 per week, adds up to £1137.

If the claimant of the increased sum lived a further 20 years, the added pound a week would total £1040.

Many people who now dispose of assets in the last few years of their working life in order to qualify for a pension might consider it worth while to retain independence for longer with the prospect of a better deal in the future.

Indeed, it is possible that the saving effected might be sufficient to increase the basic rate.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

B	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

THE wheat harvest begins in November in most of the great wheat-growing areas of Australia. Prospects for the 1958-59 harvest are good despite severe frosts in New South Wales and hail damage in Queensland; estimates based on conditions in mid-October indicate a bumper crop. The Australian Wheat Board, sole authority for marketing wheat, expects deliveries of between 170,000,000 and 180,000,000 bushels. Last year, when crops were hard-hit by drought, deliveries to the Wheat Board amounted to only 80,000,000 bushels. In the picture above, by Mrs. J. E. R. Finch, a combine harvester strips the crop at Toora-weenah, N.S.W. Brian Chirlian's picture at right shows a South Australian wheat farmer funneling the last grains into the bags.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY —
November 12, 1958



Finalists in the farewell Amateur Hour



LEFT: Wayne Nash, 13-year-old piano-accordionist, of Reservoir, Victoria. Wayne, who attends Northcote High School, hopes to become a chemist with music as a sideline.

RIGHT: Novelty instrumentalist Konrad Kley, with Amateur Hour director Terry Dear. Konrad simultaneously plays mouth-organ and guitar. He lives in Burnie, Tas.



SOPRANO Mary Hayman, from Belconnen, N.S.W., who currently is touring Australia with the Elizabethan Opera Company.

AUSTRALIA'S Amateur Hour, which has entertained radio audiences each week for 18 years, takes its farewell bow when the winner of the £1000 award for 1958 is announced in the closing programme on November 13. Ten grand-final acts, pictured on this page, are competing for this last award in the show broadcast on November 6. Since the Amateur Hour began, 9300 artists have faced national audiences.



PIANIST Suzanne Gartner, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W. Eleven-year-old Suzanne has studied for four years at Sydney Conservatorium and practises at least two hours a day.



THE "KAY-DEES," a Melbourne vocal trio, are (from left) Don Fisher, Dorothy Croes, and Keith Port. Dorothy, who is a housewife with two young children, is Don's sister.



TENOR Frederick Dore, of Blackrock, Victoria, is a Government scientist. He has sung with the National Opera Company, and during this year's "Moomba" festival appeared at Melbourne Olympic Pool in the extravaganza "Hiawatha."



VOCALIST WITH GUITAR, Terry Fitzgerald, of Sydney and formerly of Bellingen, N.S.W., hopes to form his own instrumental group, combining guitar, drums, electric steel and piano, and make a full-time career of entertainment.



MALE VOCAL QUARTET from Sydney, the "Fortunes," are (from left) Doug Bland, Trevor Philpott, Noel Steel, and Geoff Hinwood. The quartet's large repertoire incorporates old evergreens and popular numbers. All the arrangements are done by Trevor.



LEFT: Young violinist Constantine Laeroff, of Sydney, a full-time music student, whose ambition is to be a concert soloist. Constantine came here from Egypt seven years ago.

ABOVE: "The Windmillers," a mouth-organ trio, are (from left), Joe Van Dael, John Franken, and Jerry Vanderkooij. All three are Hollanders who are now living in Perth.

Night the seal came to Strahan



MOTHER SEAL noses up to the red light put on a petrol drum to protect it and its pup from traffic.

The pup jumped on its flippers and cried "Dah!"

As I drove into Strahan a peculiar cry was breaking the night stillness of this remote little township on the west coast of Tasmania.

THE cry was made by a new-born seal pup, and sounded like "Dah, dah." This, I believe, is the Russian for "Yes."

The pup was lying about 100 yards away from its mother. Mother was snoring noisily beside a red traffic light on a petrol drum and surrounded by a crowd of excited townspeople.

"They haven't had anything to eat, and the mother won't feed the baby," a man said. "Maybe we ought to give the baby a milk bottle," said another.

"We ought to tow them both to sea, that's where they belong," said a third.

"A couple of blokes tried," objected a woman. "They tied a rope round the seal's tail and began to tow 'er, but she lurches and the blokes got scared and let go of the rope." A few days before, the seal

had given birth to a pup on the doorstep of the local cafe.

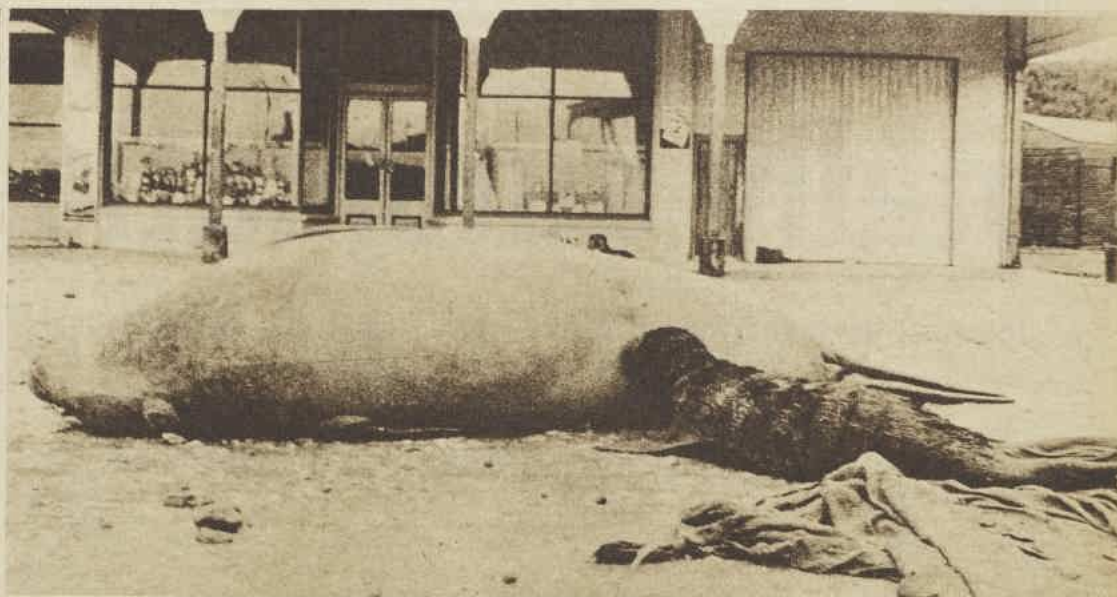
Seals are known to seek a lonely rock on which to pup, and in the mist and the rain of that wild night the seal may have lost her bearings and ended up in front of the

By
HARRY FRAUCA

cafe, and so made Strahan famous overnight.

With a population of 560, Strahan is situated on the wild, stormy shores of Macquarie Harbor in one of the most remote parts of Tasmania. It flourished in the heyday of the mineral strikes as the port of shipment for silver lead and copper pyrites.

Today, with mining booms things of the past, Strahan's people are among the most



MOTHER AND BABY in the main street of Strahan, where they moved after the baby was born on a nearby doorstep. Mother is grey-skinned and fed fish by the townspeople, but was disinclined to feed its brown-eyed, black-skinned pup.

isolated in that part of Tasmania.

They lived uneventfully until the seal came.

Nobody knows exactly how she got to the cafe, but it seems she crawled out of the harbor's cold waters at night, dragged herself across the railway tracks, past the memorial park fence, and to the cafe.

The cafe belongs to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wood, and Mrs. Wood was the first person to see the seal.

"About 3.30 in the morning I thought I heard a dog barking on the street, but I didn't take any notice and went back to sleep," Mrs. Wood said.

"When I went to the street door at 6.30 there was a huge seal with its nose on the step.

"Then it began to nuzzle the window-panes and it was so big and so heavy I was afraid it'd break the glass.

"My husband runs a hire-car service, and that day he was away on a trip and I was on my own. So I rang up my next-door neighbor, Frank White, and told him I had a seal outside the cafe."

Frank White phoned the news through to Mr. S. T. Stubbs, proprietor of the



TOWNSHIP OF STRAHAN, on Macquarie Harbor. The mother seal left the water, heaved herself across the railway, past the fence of the memorial park, and on to the cafe at the turn of the road, at right of picture.

Hamer Hotel, and Mr. Stubbs rang the local policeman, Constable C. Woodbury.

"In the meantime the seal gave birth to a pup . . . right on my doorstep, too," said Mrs. Wood.

"The pup came out tail first and was soon quite lively. It jumped about on its flippers and barked and cried 'Dah, dah!'"

It is believed that the mother came from somewhere along the south-west coast of Tasmania, where seals are still plentiful.

By seven o'clock that morning most of the population of Strahan — including the teacher and schoolchildren — congregated on Esk Street, where the seal was snoring loudly and the pup was barking vigorously.

Constable Woodbury asked his senior officer in Queens-town for advice.

"I was told to do nothing except see that the seals didn't get run over by any vehicle," he said. "That's why when night came I stuck an empty petrol drum with a red light on it near the two blokes."

The Town Clerk, Mr. Athol Cullen, was very worried.

"Strahan is going crazy," he told me. "Everybody has to quit work to go and look at the seals, and then we have a power break. We're supposed to hold a ball tomorrow night, but how can you dance without lights?"



CAFE of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wood, where Mrs. Wood opened her front door and found an expectant seal.

In the morning from my hotel window I looked down at the main street. It was deserted except for two cows ambling down towards the memorial park, which had to be fenced because the cows would eat the lawn.

About 8.30, the pup started barking and crying, "Dah, dah, dah." Then Mr. Stubbs emerged from the hotel carrying a milk bottle in one hand. He'd attached a siphon to the neck of the bottle.

"I'm worried about Sebastian," he said. "That's the name we've decided for the baby. He won't eat. And the mother won't feed 'im. So I'm going to see if he takes some milk from the bottle."

Sebastian wouldn't drink. As Mr. Stubbs and another

man tried to siphon some milk into Sebastian's mouth the little fellow would bark and twist and shut his mouth so that the milk spilled down his shaggy black fur.

A crowd gathered around Mr. Stubbs and the pup. Someone suggested ringing up the Fisheries Department at Hobart.

A strange-looking character accosted me and asked if I'd like to take a picture of a mermaid. He'd seen one the night before, he said.

Suddenly: "He's taking it!" Mr. Stubbs shouted.

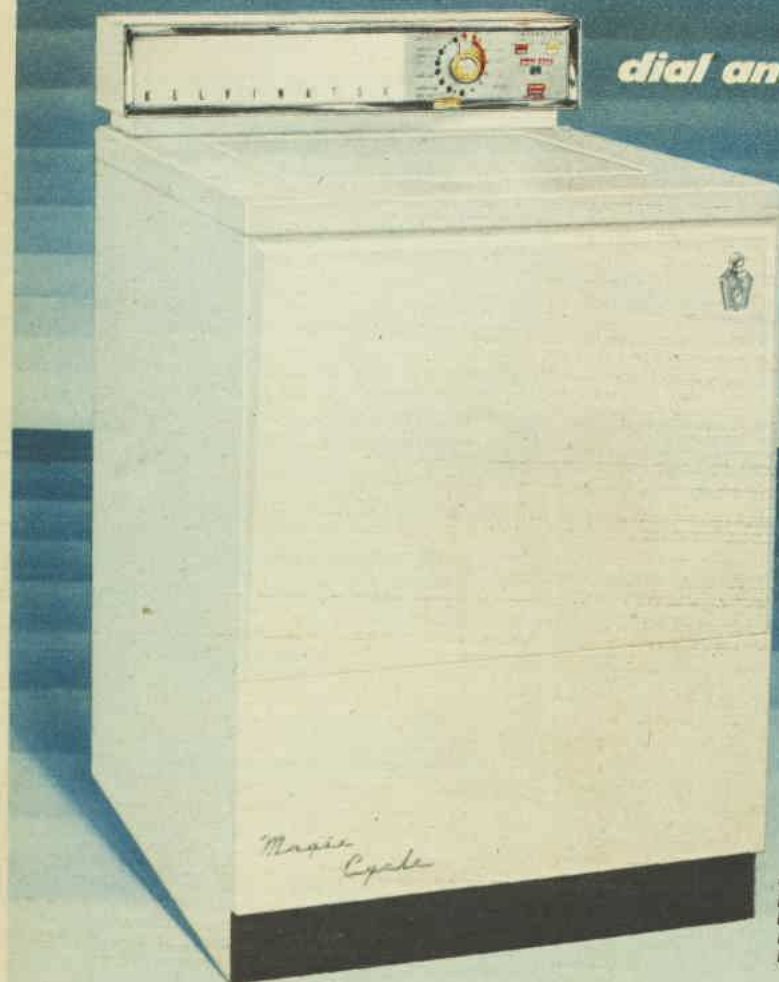
The crowd drew closer, and men, women, and children trickled out of stores, shops, and houses to watch Sebastian take his first bottle since his birth four mornings before.



HOTELKEEPER Mr. S. T. Stubbs gets Sebastian to take some milk from a bottle for the first time. At birth Sebastian was about 3ft. 6in. long. His mother is 8ft. 6in. long and weighs about three-quarters of a ton — according to the butcher's reckoning.

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dial and disappear



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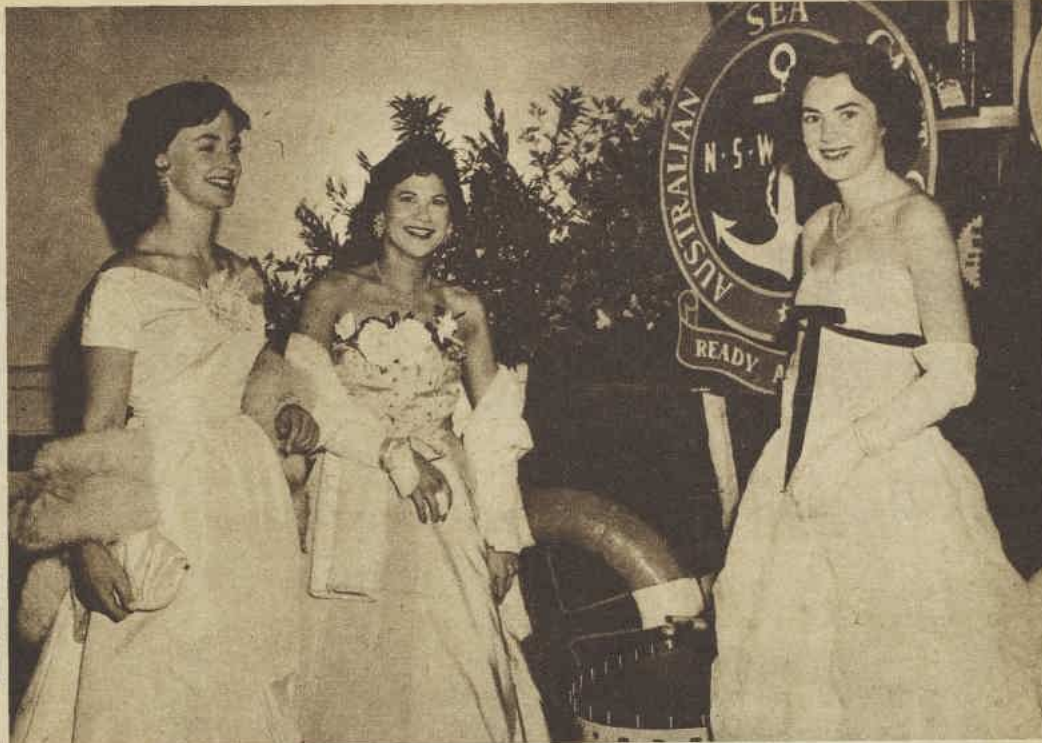
sive Filter Fountain, variable wash and rinse temperatures, a gearless drive, easy installation and 5 other special features. See them at your Kelvinator retailer NOW! Dial and Disappear on wash days with a new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer.

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SISTER AND BROTHER. Mrs. Trevor Rowe and Pat Forbes were among guests at the Navy League (N.S.W.) Ball, which was held at Prince's. Mrs. Rowe's pretty, very bouffant ballgown was made of shell-pink tulle.



PRETTY TRIO (from left) Barbara Potter, Judy Clark, and Simone Pirene were among the 300 guests at the Navy League Ball, held in aid of the Australian Sea Cadet Corps. Barbara chose white silk taffeta, Judy's dress was of pale hyacinth faille, and Simone wore white lace with tulle panels.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



"SOUTH PACIFIC" PARTY. Robin Young (left), Diana Judah, and Helen Fischer were three of the guests who attended "A Night in the South Pacific" dance held at the Trocadero by members of combined Legacy younger sets.

JUST-ENGAGED Diana Hanley and Peter Koster are showing youthful efficiency with their wedding plans. They've already decided when they'll be married and where they're going to live.

Diana's mother, Mrs. Jack Hanley, of "Caringa," Crookwell, tells me that a reception at home will follow the wedding in Goulburn on February 20.

And there's a trio of pretty bridesmaids: Sally Shepherd, of "Shepherd's Lodge," Wheoco; Rosemary Pope, of Toorak, Melbourne (who met Diana on Orsova when they were going to England); and Priscilla Adams, of Lindfield—plus 10-year-old flower-girl Bronwyn Turk, of Mosman.

After the wedding Diana and Peter, son of the Carl Koster, of "Calga," Coonamble, will make their home in Coonamble.



GLAMOR trip to the mysterious East begins next week for Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Ney, of St. Ives, when they set off for Hongkong on board Eastern Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Ney are going to visit their daughter Pamela, who has been living in Hongkong for the past 12 months and who recently announced her engagement there to Englishman Ian Tompson.

THE grounds of Camden Park will be the delightful setting for an afternoon of wine-tasting on November 8. Lady Stanham is lending the grounds of her home for the occasion and the proceeds will aid the Spastic Centre. And there's special historical interest in the setting, as some of the first vines in Australia were planted there in the nineteenth century.

CONGRATULATIONS on the birth of their son and heir are flooding in for Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell, of Balmoral. Mrs. Mitchell was formerly Canadian Barbara Weston; her sister Wendy flew into Sydney from London at the weekend to see the Mitchells and to meet the baby.

UNUSUAL is the word for the dress Joan Morrison wore to the "Not In The Book" premiere. Made of cream and gold lame, the dress featured a short, belled skirt caught into a tight band just below the knees.

SHIPBOARD romance of Jan Mills and Quentin Anthony, who met in April last year en route for England in Oronsay, will end in wedding bells with their marriage next April. Jan, daughter of the J. W. Mills, of Pymble, arrived home via America three weeks ago and Quentin arrived the day after. They'll be off travelling again after the wedding . . . to their future home in New Guinea.

A TOAST of the ballet world is young Karlene Duff, of Mosman, who sails on November 23 for England to study at the Royal Ballet School. Karlene was chosen, without the usual auditions, by Dame Ninette de Valois.

QUARTET arriving at Prince's for the Navy League Ball (from left), Sub-Lieut. Garry Seaton, Angela Derieux, Caroline Graham, and Sub-Lieut. Robert Albert.

I'VE had a note from Terry Rolleston, convener of the Old Newingtonians' Union ball committee. He's asked me to tell Union members—especially those in the country, because "it might entice them to come down to Sydney"—that the ball will be held at the Australia Hotel on November 22. Take it from there, men!

GAYEST young party of the week was Helen Jenkyn's coming-of-age at the Avondale Golf Club . . . more than 100 guests danced on the wide verandah overlooking the moonlit lawns.

HEAR that Suzanne Hidden and Dr. Glen Coorey have chosen March 17 for their wedding at Holy Cross Church, Woollahra. The wedding will be quite a family affair . . . Suzanne, daughter of Judge Hidden and Mrs. F. C. Hidden, of Bellevue Hill, will have three bridesmaids—her sisters Sheila and Mary and Glen's sister Rachel. Glen and Suzanne will leave soon after the wedding for about 18 months' stay in England and the Continent.



FIRST NIGHT. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hunt—he is executive director of The Elizabethan Theatre Trust—were among the first-night audience of "Not in the Book" at the Theatre Royal. Mrs. Hunt wore a black silk chemise-style short evening dress.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Raddon Reynolds at the Pickwick Club reception following their wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. The bride was formerly Dian Bushell, of "Fullerton," Crookwell.

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High fashion in Overnight success for Australian girl

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The clothes in London's new musical "Expresso Bongo" are so exciting that, overnight, they have made the name of their designer, Jocelyn Rickard, a young Australian.



JOCelyn also designed the clothes for another show currently running in the West End — "The Party," starring Charles Laughton, who told her: "You have a great gift for characterisation."

She has completed designs for the film of angry young man John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger," and is ready at work on a proposed color film — "The Entertainer."

"Expresso Bongo," by Wolf Mankowitz, stars Paul Schofield. Jocelyn designed the clothes for it after viewing the Paris collections.

"I felt that what was on would be the young clothes," she said, and came up with fashion-setting designs at least a season ahead.

The Queen's dressmaker, Hardy Amies, after seeing "Expresso Bongo," immediately sent his congratulations to Jocelyn Rickard — and also his team of young fashion artists to study her work.

The Royal College of Fashion was so impressed that it made a visit to "Expresso Bongo" part of the curriculum.

HIGH FASHION is the keynote of the dresses designed by Australian Jocelyn Rickard for "Expresso Bongo." Here one of the debs in the cast poses in a Rickard creation.



JOCelyn RICKARD discussing her designs with Wolf Mankowitz, who wrote the colorful musical.

LEADER of the "Bongo" boys (John Schofield) with one of the debs (Susan Hampshire).

new musical



ELIZABETH ASHLEY (right), as Lady Rosemary, mother of one of the debs, and Hy Hazel in the role of a former film star, "Expresso Bongo" is a satire on the teenager crooning racket.

in training its pupils in dress design.

The theatre critics were lyrical. Said Milton Shulman: "The chicest contemporary dressing in the English Theatre since the days of Cochrane."

Fashion editors were quick to follow Jocelyn's lead and to take her advice for their readers.

She was quoted in important London papers on new lines and new looks.

"Styles? Simple always," said Jocelyn, "and very good fabrics. They hold their shape."

Offers from leading fashion houses followed.

"But I cannot accept any work outside film and theatre," said Miss Rickard. "It is hard enough now to make time for my painting."

And painting in her Eaton Square studio remains her

main interest. "I still consider myself a painter," she said, "and take my work seriously."

Jocelyn was a member of Sydney's Merioola Group before coming to London ten years ago.

Her paintings now hang in the private collections of many art-lovers, including those of Graham Greene, the novelist; Professor A. J. Ayer, philosopher of the TV "Brains Trust"; and Rory Cameron, son of Lady Kenmare.

She has also painted a number of murals, including four for a millionaire's penthouse in Rome.

Now, in between theatre and film work, she is preparing a one-man art show early next year.



THREE of the outstanding dresses which Jocelyn Rickard designed for "Expresso Bongo." To offers of jobs from fashion houses, the Australian artist said she would design only for the theatre and films.



COFFEE-BAR girls and boys put on a lively scene in "Expresso Bongo." These color pictures are by Alec Murray.

IN HER STUDIO in London's Eaton Square, Jocelyn prepares for a one-man art show she will hold early next year.

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doubt

rolls on

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AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHEN I was a teenager I wanted to leave home and go to Australia, but, of course, my parents wouldn't hear of it. Three years ago my own teenage daughter wanted to do the same. I had just lost my husband and the thought of my daughter leaving was very hard to bear, but I gave her my blessing and let her go. Now, after all these years, here I am, not a teenager but a grandmother. I have been out here just over a month and already I love everything—flowers, birds, and weather. I wouldn't go back to where I lived for anything, and one day I hope to own another home of my own, here.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ethel Dawson, Windsor, Vic.

WHY don't mothers attach some mark of identification to the clothes their children wear to school? It is easy to write or sew names on the tags near the collars of jumpers and blazers. Sticking-plaster on raincoats and in shoes is another effective background for displaying names. If more mothers were to adopt such safeguards they could spare themselves a great deal of needless worry and expense.

10/6 to Mrs. R. A. O'Reilly, Corowa, N.S.W.

IT has always amazed me that some people seem to find pleasure in alarming expectant mothers with tales of what they went through before and after their confinements, and how Mrs. So-and-so had complications. Surely it is better to talk of all the happy moments of preparing for the babe and the happiness of its birth.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Melville, Chadstone, Vic.

MY mother once said the cruellest thing a mother could do to her child was to refuse its little gifts. She is right! I was once visiting a friend when her little girl came in and shyly placed a bunch of flowers on the table—they were the blooms from a noxious weed her father was trying to get rid of. The mother pounced on them and told the child to take "that rubbish" outside. Those flowers were like orchids to the child. I wonder if she has ever brought another flower to her mother? My little boy brings similar rubbish to me, but to me his flowers seem like orchids and much more precious.

10/6 to Mrs. V. J. Claffey, Springbrook, Qld.

WHY do mothers allow their small daughters to enter church without hats? We go to church every Sunday and each time I notice this incorrect dress. Women never enter a church with their heads uncovered and the same should apply to children.

10/6 to Mrs. Max Allen, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

I WONDER why the different societies which have button days do not alter them to card days and sell either birthday or Christmas cards for 1/- or 2/-? I think more people would buy cards and put them aside until needed.

10/6 to Mrs. O. B. Wilson, Strathfield, N.S.W.

I FEEL that there should be a "means test" for child endowment. An acquaintance of mine, whose husband owns his own business, is saving her son's endowment to help him pay for his first car, and her daughter's endowment for a fur cape when she makes her debut. The endowment should be given to children whose parents are on only a low income, and the extra money should be given where there are four or more children.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Watson, Portland, N.S.W.

Baby talk

IN answer to Mrs. Oakes (15/10/58) regarding baby talk, I think there is something a little pathetic about a child of two expressing herself better than most children twice her age. Most proud parents with their first child, myself included, are inclined to make them little adults too early, only realising later how quickly their baby years fly past and are gone for good. Now I've had three children I'm all for the baby talk, baby years, and baby ways. Let us enjoy them while we can.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Hough, Forestville, N.S.W.

IN agreement with Mrs. Oakes (15/10/58) I wish to emphasise how ridiculous it is to speak baby talk to small children. It has never been allowed in our home. As our house is attached to the country school of which my husband is headteacher, our daughter, aged two and a half, is in close contact with children much older than herself, and we feel proud to hear her carrying on intelligent conversations with them. The forbidding of baby talk, as well as mixing with older children, has made her the self-contained little girl that she is.

10/6 to Mrs. R. E. Palmer, Wellington, S.A.

Family affairs

WE have a game in our house to help speed along the dishes. Our children were very slow at wiping-up, or even starting the wiping-up. So now I call out, "One waiting, two waiting," etc., as each dish is washed. Then there is a scamper to catch up with me. When they do so they triumphantly form a queue, taking up the chant, "One child waiting, two waiting," etc. Dishes are now one of our speedier jobs.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. A. Nancarrow, Boorcan, Vic.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

PEOPLE in our street often see me out sweating in the garden.

One or two have suggested that I devote an article to gardening hints, and I am glad to do so.

The main thing in gardening is to find what you are good at and stick to it.

It happens that I am no good at vegetables.

My beans and tomatoes get spotted wilt and brown rot.

So I leave vegetables alone.

Flowers look nice, but they are tricky. You have to plant them, water them, manure them, and pick them.

So I usually let my wife look after the flowers. She understands them better than I do.

The subjects I have most success with are perennials, such as Paddy's lucerne, thistles, docks, and wandering Jew.

I've also done well with chick-weed, bindi-eye, and Chilean whitlow.

Because of the impressive results

CROWDED BEDS

obtained, I restrict my gardening to plants of this class.

At the moment I have a glorious crop of oxalis and onion weed.

I thought last season's drought might have set them back, but they are more vigorous than ever.



In the coming weeks paspalum will make a lovely show.

It's a pity it has that sticky stuff on it that stains clothes. But you can always walk around it.

The strong point of plants of this type is that they don't need much

attention, although a little fertiliser helps.

My best patch of onion weed is where my wife put poultry manure round her roses.

Perhaps you have not achieved spectacular results in your own garden. There is no need to lose heart.

A simple way to improve your crop of things like onion weed is to dig them out.

I once spent a day in the sun pulling out Paddy's lucerne. It was a tiring job, but it proved effective.

I now have the biggest display of Paddy's lucerne in the street.

Some people hold that the best way to encourage oxalis is to put weed-killer on it. But I don't think there is anything to beat hard work with the trowel.

To invigorate lantana and blackberries, just run about slashing them with a reaping hook once a year.

I have had only one failure, and that is with Paterson's curse.

For some reason this hardy native has never become established in my garden.

If you need advice about it you should write direct to Paterson.

THE SCARLET UMBRELLA

BY
MARGUERITE
MURRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

WHEN the front doorbell rang, Josie said, "Bother!" She was trying on the new dress she was making for the party on Saturday, and it was terribly important to get the hemline right. In addition, she was all stuck with pins, but she would have to go. Outside on the front step stood a young man under an umbrella.

There was nothing odd about that—it had been pouring all day—but this umbrella was scarlet. Josie stared. She had never seen a man carrying a scarlet umbrella before.

He was large and shaggy, with dark hair that badly needed cutting and enormous hands. He wore a tweed jacket that no self-respecting tramp would have been seen dead in, while a pair of decrepit grey flannel trousers wrapped themselves lovingly round his legs. He carried a parcel under one arm.

He smiled at her and said, in a friendly voice, "Good evening. Is Professor Doulton in?"

"Not at the moment," Josie wondered who he was. One of the undergraduates from the University, probably. Her father was English History Tutor there. "He's at a meeting. Did you want to see him urgently?"

"No, not a bit. If you'd just give him these—"

He held out the parcel, which promptly fell apart, disgorging three massive tomes on to the rain-wet step. The young man thrust his scarlet umbrella into Josie's startled hands, and stooped to retrieve them.

"Clumsy ass! All in the wet, too! Still, never mind, they're mine, not his." He dried tool on his jacket. "Now, you tell me where to put them—can't have you touching dirty old history books in that luscious dress..."

"Do you really think it's luscious?" cried Josie.

He beamed at her. "Rather. Cherry-red's my favorite color. For girls with your sort of hair." He stepped past her into the hall and put the books on a table. "Blue for blondes; green for redheads, yellow or white for brunettes. But red for the brownies." He beamed at her again.

"What are you going to wear it to—a party?"

"M'm." Her voice grew dreamy. "Terribly special."

"Lucky man who's taking you."

He walked past her on to the step again. "Well, good-bye. Tell your father about the books, won't you? He'll know who they're from."

And he was gone, leaving Josie to waken, several minutes later, from her dream to the realisation that she was still clutching the scarlet umbrella which he had thrust into her hands. "Hey!" she shrieked after him, "your umbrella!" She called to the empty air.

Her father was pleased when he saw the books.

"Ah!" His scholarly eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. "He promised to let me have them. You've been speaking to a very brilliant man, Josie. Professor Edward James, our new Ancient History Tutor. One of those books is his own work on Ancient Greece—"

"I thought he was an undergraduate," said Josie.

"An undergraduate? Certainly not!" He frowned at her. "He may look young, but he is one of the most able intellects of his generation. Now, if you could only form a nice, sensible friendship with a man like that—"

"Where does he live? He left his umbrella here," said Josie.

She wasn't going to listen to a lecture about Ronald. Her wonderful Ronald... Nor was it the least use asking her father to give Professor James back his umbrella. His own possessions had practically to be tied on to him with string.

Professor James had digs in a charming house on the other side of the town. He answered the door himself.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Weston's out—oh!" His voice changed. "I thought you were a visitor for my landlady. Have you come to see me?"

He sounded surprised but pleased.

"I've brought your umbrella. You left me holding on to it."

"No, did I really?" He sounded more surprised still. "What a funny thing to do. No wonder I was wet when I got home. How kind of you to bring it all this way. Let me give you a cup of coffee to show my gratitude."

He hung the scarlet umbrella on a hook in the hall. "It's not mine, really. I haven't got one. It's my landlady's. The beautiful, blond Mrs. Weston."

"Blond?" said Josie. "Then why does she have a scarlet umbrella? I thought red was for brownies."

He gazed at her in admiration. "Fancy you remembering that. What an intelligent girl. I've often pointed out to Mrs. Weston the advantages of blue, but apparently her late husband preferred red."

"Why don't you keep the umbrella over her?" Professor James said angrily.

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New Miracle Shampoo

beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!



Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



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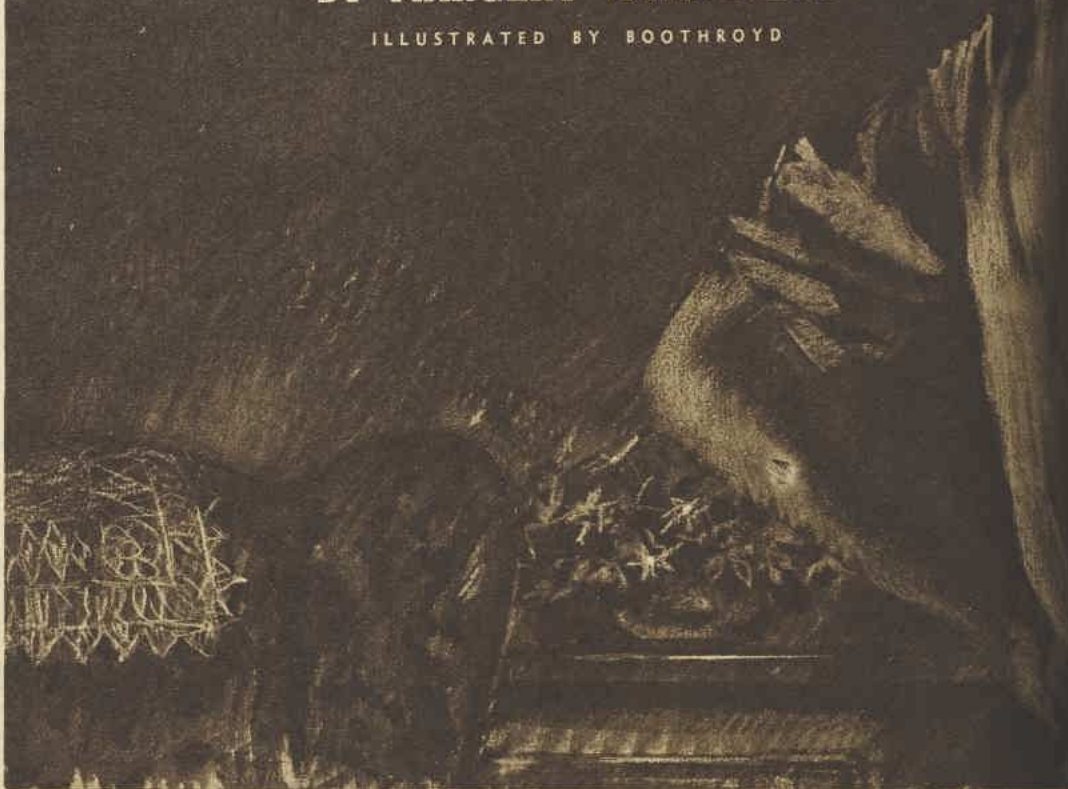
U146C

Hide my eyes

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF OUR SERIAL

BY MARGERY ALLINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



MR. VICK had installed his telephone in a small pantry at the back of the barber's shop, choosing it, no doubt, because his butterfly mind had noted that it was about the same size as a public booth. Since the cupboard was also used to store certain unguents and as a hide for the charwoman's equipment, it was not entirely satisfactory.

The uniformed inspector making an interim report to his headquarters was forced to stand with one foot in a pail and his eyes on a level with rows of bottles of hair restorer, an expedient irritating to any man as bald as he.

"To return to the subject of the car. A Lagonda, details as previously stated," he was saying carefully. "It is drawn up outside the shop here, as given in my preliminary message. The boot is unlocked and is empty. There are, however, eight bricks . . . what? Oh, they're red and they're old. Just ordinary bricks. Eight bricks which are arranged as wedges behind the tyres of the car. The road slopes. Have you got that?"

He listened while the paragraph was read back to him, and continued.

"There are a number of wooden boxes of varying size in the near vicinity. In this street it is the custom of shopkeepers to put their refuse out on the pavement at night and among heaven knows how much other junk there are several crates. The refuse is collected in the early morning . . . You'll send a couple of chaps. Okay?"

He sighed. "The barber lives in a two-room flat above the shop," he went on. "I shall bring him in as soon as he's in a reasonable condition. At the moment he's upstairs drunk as a lord, and my blokes are working on him. He has no idea how long he has been home, full stop."

There was an aggrieved query from the other end of the line and he relaxed.

"Sorry, Jack, but I'm clearing my own mind. I've got a story out of the man but it's no sort of statement. Either he's more than ordinarily plastered or he's a very funny little man when sober. He says the car belongs to his dear old friend Major Chad-Horder, whose real name he doesn't know although he can take me to a man in a pub who does, and they've been to see Moggie Moorhen together and have been on the stage with him all the evening. Check that please."

"They appear to have returned home tight and I understand that the Major put his friend to bed and made up another for himself in the sitting-room. After that point he seems to have vanished. There's a rug and pillows on the couch but they're not warm. There is no sign of him in the house and the front door is unlocked, so he must have gone out again, presumably on foot. Have you got that? Right, that's all for now. I'll report again. Goodbye."

He hung up and his message, when it was re-dressed in official language and flashed to Tailor Street, presented a single idea to Superintendent Luke's experienced ear.

"Hullo," he said, swinging round on Donne as they stood together in a corner of the C.I.D. room under the illuminated street map of the district, "did you hear that? The suspect is rigging up another alibi."

The Chief Inspector's eyes opened wide for an instant between their thick light lashes.

"Busy chap, isn't he?" he said absently as his mind fastened on the suggestion and weighed it. "He could be ditching the gun," he began.

"Why should he? He doesn't know he's coming unstuck, unless he's psychic." Luke spoke with savage satisfaction. "Anyhow, wherever he's gone, it would appear that he intends to come back, so our chaps can just sit by the hole and watch like pussy. Tell them softly, softly. The Chief Superintendent is very anxious that we don't put any further temptation in his way. As he points out, the recruiting figures are down."

As Donne stepped aside to give the necessary orders, Luke remained alone looking at the map. The barber's shop in the side road off Edge Street had been ringed with a crimson marker and he could see at a glance just where it stood in relation to the Garden Green area, down in the adjoining division.

It was not in the same manor but it was on the way there and as he stood tracing the streets which crossed and recrossed in little loops and squares without pattern or shape, he felt the thrill of catching wind of the enemy and he began to play with the coins in his pocket so that they made a music of mounting excitement.

When Donne returned he was still standing there, his neck looking very long and his head thrust forward.

The Chief Inspector returned looking faintly embarrassed. "That woman is coming out with the lot," he observed. "Goodness knows how much of it will be relevant, but she's holding nothing back. I don't think she can know much of value because she had no idea what he was up to, but the shock has certainly loosened her tongue."

Luke turned to him. "Is she vindictive?"

"No. It's awful. She's dependent on him physically and suddenly finds . . ." He left the rest of the sentence in the air and Luke returned to the map.

"Little to depend upon," he said primly. "Poor wretched girl. We're trying to comfort her with cups of tea, I suppose. Where the blazes has that chap gone, Henry? There's a whole section of his activities we haven't touched, you know. We've only got half the picture. Where's Campion?"

"There's no sign of him yet. He's a funny chap, isn't he? More like himself than one expects, somehow."

Luke made no comment. He was frowning.

"Campion wasn't altogether satisfied with the old lady and the pretty girl at the cockeyed museum," he said presently.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 12, 1958



With the sound of the doorbell in their ears, Polly and Annabelle stared silently at Gerry.

"I was. I may be hiding my eyes but I just cannot see either of them involved in anything of this sort. We could go and rout them out of bed and ask them a lot of silly questions which ought to wait at least until the waiter has remembered where he saw the old couple the first time." He hesitated. "No, I don't think so," he said, answering his own question.

"You took a fancy to them, did you?" said Donne, unaware of trespassing. "Funny how one does sometimes. Hulloo, see who this is?"

Luke glanced up as a splendid figure strolled towards them.

"Wot'cher, Cully," he said, "how's the Ambassador?"

Superintendent Cullingford was one of those stolidly handsome men who appear to be the rule in Security. He and Luke were old friends and each amused himself by pretending that the other's was the glamorous job.

"Hullo, Charles, you're in the thick of it, I see," Cullingford managed to sound wistful. "When I stepped out of the lift on this floor I thought there was a fire, there was so much excitement." He nodded to Donne and stroked a magnificent yellow moustache. "Luke still finds it absorbing even though he can't hang 'em any more."

His friend's dark face became a shade blacker.

"That's not a very popular line of talk, Cully," he was beginning when Donne ventured to reply for himself.

"We'll hang the chap we're after now, all right," he said.

"Think so?" Luke sounded spiteful. "At the moment I'm wondering if we've got enough evidence to bring him to trial."

"It's murder, is it?" Cullingford made the inquiry as a civility.

"It's about ten murders," Luke said, glowering at him. "The bloke is lost in a snowdrift of suspicion, but snow has a way of melting at the Old Bailey. If under the new regulations we've got to see him sentenced twice before he's eligible he may well escape topping. I can't see the public standing for two trials for murder, first conviction no hanging, the second it's laid on."

"You don't like the new legislation?"

Luke began to get angry. "I neither like it nor dislike it," he said testily. "Once I've delivered the man to the court I reckon my business is done. I'm the dog. I bring in the bird. I don't expect to have to cook him."

"Oh, what a very interesting point of view." Cullingford had some of the manner of the eminent dignitaries whose safety was his care. "Should I be an impossible nuisance if I bothered you now with the little matter which has brought me up here looking for you? It won't take a moment. I telephoned your own office and they told me where you were. It concerns an old crime, but I thought perhaps I should pass it on."

He was being long-winded deliberately and there was the ghost of a wrinkle in the back of his eyes. Luke, who was

aware he was being ragged, produced a packet of cigarettes.

"Try one of these, Your Excellency," he suggested. "They won't hurt your throat. Just bung it up solid, I hope. Get on with it, you pompous old police officer, while we're still kicking our heels waiting for a witness."

"Very well. Have you ever heard—" Cullingford split the question to light his cigarette,—"of the Church Row shooting? It happened some time ago, I believe, and concerned a silk-stocking salesman who lost a glove." He paused and looked round to find both men staring at him with expressionless interest. "I don't bore you, I hope?"

"Not yet. What do you know about that case?"

"Nothing at all. But about twenty minutes ago a very charming friend of mine . . . you must know her, the delightful old lady whose family runs The Grotto . . . told me over the telephone a very curious little story concerning the glove in that case. She thought nothing of it at the time, but tonight something else happened which sent her into quite a panic. By the way, I've sworn to keep the family out of it."

"All right, if they're not involved already." Luke was not particularly gracious. "Get on with the something else that happened tonight."

"Well, that's another shooting. In Minton Terrace this time. A solicitor was killed. I'd rather assumed that you would know about it. Don't you?"

"Not quite as much as we'd like." Luke spoke cautiously. He was regarding Cullingford with a sort of superstitious awe.

"Does this woman you know link those two cases?"

"Yes, she does. She has no proof, of course, but she was sufficiently frightened to get her son to telephone me tonight. As I understand it, she has an old friend who—"

Luke groaned aloud. "Oh, these old friends," he said wearily. "I thought for one blessed moment you'd come staggering in with a genuine bone. The friend thinks she may have purchased the gloves, I suppose, and the friend never could make up her mind if the gloves which she gave as a present to someone or other (who afterwards turned out to be a disappointment) were the gloves in the murder mystery. And now when this new crime occurs and friend—"

"All right, Luke." Cullingford was frankly huffy. "You know much more about this sort of case than I do. It's hardly my province. I merely pass the story on, because I thought it might be of use to you. But if it's a commonplace reaction

"Sorry, cock, I'm hungry. Takes me that way." Luke was contrite. "Sit down and I'll take the information in a decent copperlike fashion. Name and address of your friend, please?"

"Mrs. Sybille Dominique, The Grotto Restaurant, W.I."

"Thank you, sir. And the name of her friend?"

Superintendent Cullingford was on the point of replying when he was interrupted by a clerk who came hurrying up to Luke.

"Mr. Albert Campion is on the phone, sir. He'd like to speak to you direct if possible."

The dark man sprang off the desk and thrust his pencil at Donne.

"Henry, do this, will you? I've been waiting all night for Campion."

Donne did not reply. He was looking doubtfully at the Security man, and Luke, after following his glance, took himself in hand abruptly.

"That's right," he said, "that's right, Henry. You take Campion's message. Now, Cully. Sorry for the interruption. What is the name of your friend's friend?"

Cullingford took his time. Presently he looked up from the neat pocket diary which he was studying.

"Her name is Mrs. Polly Tassie," he said slowly. "That is spelled T-a-s-s-i-e. The address is Number Seven, Garden Green. I don't know if you've ever heard of it. It's an obscure little district just off the Barrow Road."

Luke was still staring at him with his lips apart when Donne came back from the telephone in the adjacent cubicle. He stepped over to Luke, and his discreet murmur was blurred by excitement.

"The old man is on to something. He says to tell you that he remembered that the bobby in the Barrow Road hospital spoke of seeing two young people in Garden Green this morning. It occurred to him; he says, that if one of them had been Waterfield the inference might be interesting, so he slid off to the hospital and got a description. It tallies. He's now in Edge Street in a call-box and he asks that someone should meet him there."

He paused, and his slow grin spread over his face. "I think his wish should be granted. He says Richard Waterfield has just walked up to the front door of a house you know of, Number Seven, Garden Green. Do you recognise the address? It means nothing to me."

In the upstairs sitting-room of the house in Garden Green, whose gay colors seemed cold and unnaturally bright in the hard light, there was a period of complete silence after the front-door bell had ceased to ring. Polly, who was just inside the door, stood frozen, her chin up and her eyes fixed on the man on the rug.

Annabelle was still holding the tray and the flowered beakers upon it, the light burrowing into the depths of her hair, making the pale brown gold.

Gerry was listening. All the suppressed fire of the morning had gone out of him. His skin was grey and smudged and the hollows round his eyes and beside his temples were black-shadowed.

"Who's that, Polly?"

He spoke very quietly, and the girl, aware that something

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FATHER AND THE TOOTH

A short story
complete on this page

BY
**CHARLES
EINSTEIN**

ILLUSTRATED
BY KICKHEFER

GERALD ROBBINS was a good father, one who encouraged the whimsy and the occasionally spectacular imagination of his eight-year-old daughter, Janet. He was also afraid of the dentist.

On this particular Saturday morning he had holed himself up in his room at home. He had a pile of envelopes at one side on his desk and his cheque-book on the other. He was paying bills. Not that he liked to pay bills, but it gave him something to take his mind off the fact that he was scheduled to have a tooth pulled.

His wife came to the door and looked in. "Come on," she said. "Pay the rest of the bills tonight. Everything's going to be all right."

He stood up and squared his shoulders. "Just a cigarette," he said. "No blindfold." And he marched outside and got into his car and drove to the dentist.

Two hours and one lost tooth later he returned in misery.

"How was it?" his wife asked.

"Awful. I feel terrible. The stuff's beginning to wear off."

"Can Janet show you something?"

"Will it take long? I feel like lying down."

"Daddy doesn't feel good," Mrs. Robbins said to Janet, "so show him your surprise and then let him lie down."

Janet planted herself in front of her father. "See?" she said, and unfolded a fist to disclose a tiny white object.

"Wonderful," Gerald said. "What is it?"

"One of her teeth," Mrs. Robbins said. "It came out at lunch."

"Let's see yours," Janet said.

"I don't have it."

"Who does?"

"The dentist."

"Why?"

"For one day in my life," Gerald said, "I'm not going to answer any more questions."

Gerald did not pay much attention to his family the rest of the day, so he missed the danger signals. Under ordinary circumstances he might have observed that his daughter was acting ominously quiet.

The break came, as it always did with Janet, an hour or so after she had gone to bed for the night. She woke up crying. Mrs. Robbins went in to see what was the matter.

"Oh-oh," her husband said when she returned. "You've got that look on your face."

"Yes," his wife said. "We're in for a night of it. You told her if she put her tooth under her pillow the good fairy would come in the middle of the night and leave a dime."

"Well?"

"She wants to know why you didn't bring your tooth home and put it under your pillow. She said, 'The way Daddy's always talking about needing money, he needs the dime worse than I do.' You've been complaining about the bills lately."

"I isn't that bad," Gerald said. "We don't owe anybody anything. Just because I decided to pay a few bills today."

"Try to explain that to Jan," his wife said. "She was going to put the tooth under her pillow and in the morning she was going to give you the dime. But you give her all that business about the good fairy

and then you have a tooth out and you don't even bring it home."

Gerald sighed, "Well?"

"I told her there really was a good fairy and that the dentist gave you something so your tooth wouldn't hurt coming out and that you were all doped up and just forgot to bring your tooth home."

"Did that convince her?"

"I'm afraid so. Now she thinks the dentist took your tooth home to put under his pillow."

"Listen," Gerald said, "this is one night when I don't want to be up till all hours with that kid."

"It's up to you," his wife said.

"She's wide awake."

"Okay," he said softly, "okay."

He picked up the phone in their bedroom and dialled the home of the dentist.

The dentist himself answered.

"This is Gerald Robbins," Gerald said.

"Yes, Mr. Robbins," the dentist said. "How do you feel? Did you take a sedative?"

"I want my tooth."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I want — my — tooth."

There was a pause. Then the dentist said, "Can you meet me at my office in twenty minutes?"

"All right," Gerald said.

He hung up the phone. "Go and tell Jan I'm going to get the tooth," he said. "I'll be back and show it to her before she goes to sleep."

The dentist was waiting for him when he got there. "Sit right down in the chair," the dentist said, looking at him carefully. "I've got the morphine ready. Was there much loss of blood?"

"Cut it out," Gerald said. "There's nothing wrong with me."

"You sounded a trifle hysterical, if I may say so, over the phone."

"Look," Gerald said. "There's nothing wrong with me. I want my tooth, that's all."

"Yes," the dentist said. "May I ask what for?"

"So that I can put it under my pillow. And in the middle of the night, while I'm fast asleep, the good fairy will come and leave me a dime."

"Yes, indeed," the dentist said. He hesitated a moment. "Pardon me if I seem to pry, but I'm doing a paper for the Journal of Dentistry on this very subject. The different forms of shock in the wake of extraction. Just open wide for a moment so I can take a peek."

"Let me put this to you as best I know how," Gerald said. "I can not go home without a tooth."

The dentist stared at him for a time. "Wait here," he said at last, and disappeared into his laboratory. He returned after a time and placed a tooth in Gerald's hand.

Gerald looked at it. "Is it mine?"

"No. Yours was thrown out. This is the best I can do. It's one I had made for Mrs. Fletcher's new denture. Unfortunately it doesn't quite fit. At any rate she wouldn't want to put it under her pillow. It's yours, with my compliments."

Gerald Robbins went home happily, the dentist staring after him as he left. Once home, Gerald changed again into his pyjamas and dressing-gown and then went directly to his daughter's room. She was sitting up in bed.

"Look, Jan," he said to her, and displayed the tooth. "I'm going to

put it under my pillow. Then the good fairy can take care of both of us."

Janet examined the tooth.

"Is it yours?"

Gerald moistened his lips. "Now, you're not going to stay awake wondering about a silly thing like that, are you? Where would Daddy get somebody else's tooth?"

"I don't know," Janet said. She considered the problem.

"Well," Gerald said uncertainly, "good — night, sweetheart. Sleep tight."

She nodded, and watched him gravely as he left the room; but she did not begin to smile until the door was closed.

Gerald stayed up until he knew his daughter was asleep. Then, stealthily, he put a hand under her pillow, found her tooth, and replaced it with a dime. After that he left the room, threw Janet's tooth and Mrs. Fletcher's false tooth into the

wastebasket in the hall downstairs, and got ready for bed.

At the last minute he reached into his pants pocket for a dime to put under his own pillow.

"Sweetness," he said to his wife, "let me have ten cents. I just don't have any change left."

Mrs. Robbins gave him a look and went and opened her purse. "I don't have any either. Why don't you get it from Herb next door?"

"Too late," Gerald said. "Herb's asleep."

"Set the alarm for early in the morning, before Jan's awake," his wife said. "The cigar store opens early. You can run downtown."

"You think I won't?" Gerald said.

"After the trouble I've gone to already, that's just what I will do." And he set the alarm for seven and went to sleep.

It was, for Gerald, an unusually short night.

He was awakened in the morning by the ringing, not of the alarm clock but of the telephone. It was ten minutes to seven. Groggily, he took the receiver off the hook.

It was the dentist.

"Mr. Robbins," the latter said. "I've been worrying about you. You feel all right?"

"Certainly," Gerald said. "I have to put my pants on and get to the

cigar store, unless Herb's already awake next door, but either way . . ."

"I beg your pardon?" the dentist said. "The cigar store? Herb next door?"

"To get a dime," Gerald said. "I told you about the dime."

"I remember," the dentist said. There was a great pause. "Did you — ah — look under your pillow? And did the good fairy leave you a dime?"

"Of course not," Gerald said snappishly. "Wait a minute . . . there is something there." He stared. "Doctor, you won't believe this, but

"Of course I'll believe it," the dentist said. "Tell me everything. Think of me as your friend."

"Yes," Gerald mumbled, examining the envelope — one of his own envelopes — that had been left under his pillow. On the outside, in the unmistakable hand of an eight-year-old, was written, simply, "From The Good Fairy."

"Doctor," Gerald said into the telephone, "are you still there?"

"I'm doing my best," the dentist said.

"There's a dime in the envelope."

"The envelope?"

"But not a real dime," Gerald said. "The other kind. Play money."

(Copyright)



"Look, Jan," Gerald said. "I'm going to put the tooth under my pillow for the good fairy."

A stylized illustration of a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a brown dress with a red and white patterned collar. She is seated at a table, focused on painting a face on a canvas with a brush. The background features a large, abstract purple and white pattern, a potted plant, and a black lamp stand with a glass. The overall style is mid-20th-century modern.

Sally's Search

SALLY didn't mean to be unreasonable, but she couldn't help looking for an ideal man. She had an intensely warm heart and a lively imagination, and by indulging them freely she had dreamed up a man who would suit her to perfection.

This man, for whom she was hopefully searching, would have a good mind, a cheerful disposition, and a character she could count on as she could on her mother's love. He would also have, among other assets, such happy attributes as kindness, courage, humor, and wisdom. He would further have the enchanting knack of seeing in her all sorts of graces and virtues she could hardly believe she possessed. Of course, he would have a few endearing foibles as well.

With all her heart Sally wanted to find this man and she spent a good deal of time looking. She had a job as a textile designer and a small flat in a converted Victorian house.

She was twenty-two and healthy. She had jet-black hair, lively blue eyes, and a good complexion. She was slender and she was quick. She had humor and grace. Luckily she kept meeting a lot of new people, and at the moment there was Toby Brookman, hopelessly un-ideal yet oddly most congenial, who proposed to her every day, which she thought delightful.

Toby had the flat above hers. He had previously lived in a big sunny flat in a luxury block, but three months after meeting her he had moved. He said shouting down the stairs was the easiest way he knew of to propose.

For ten minutes after Sally had met him at a party she had thought elatedly he might be the one. He had good brown eyes, thick dark hair, and a homely, likeable face.

But when she had declared blithely, "If all the diplomats in the world were dropped into the sea, we wouldn't have the slightest trouble with international relations," although Toby has just fallen in love with her he looked her straight in the eye and asserted, "You're old enough to learn to use your head." Since then their relationship had been relaxed, stimulating, and free from social artifice.

At the end of a working day Sally had just slipped into her tunic and blouse when there was a familiar signal at her door. She opened it to Toby, who nodded appreciatively, walked into the kitchen, where he deposited an armful of groceries, and announced with cheer, "The dinner. Would you like me to propose before we eat or after?" Sally tilted her head and considered. She liked this sort of thing. "While we're having coffee, I think."

Toby started amiably towards the sitting-room, but suddenly he swung round and demanded unsimilingly, "Why

A gay, romantic short story by VIRGINIA LEE

don't you stop behaving like an idiot and marry me? What's the matter with me? What?"

"Well—" she began enthusiastically. "All right!" He pulled the evening paper from under his arm and retired to the sofa.

As he had brought the subject up, while Sally put on the chops and vegetables she entertained herself by listing his shortcomings. She was only too sorry he wasn't her ideal man, because she would have loved to marry him. But—! He was stubborn and argumentative. He showed no inclination to see in her virtues and graces which she herself wasn't certain she possessed. He was blunt and objective and equipped with innumerable minor imperfections. Oh, and he was something of a dandy, too! Sally had always thought of her ideal man as being so indifferent to clothes that he could only be prised out of his old tweed jacket to accept the Nobel Prize, but Toby was particular about what he wore.

"I doubt it," he said a little glumly, accepting the cigarette she offered, "and I want to break this gently to your perilously balanced mind, but I doubt if Nature has worked itself up to producing this paragon you're looking for."

"Move over," Sally said. She had made the mistake of telling him, the fifth time he proposed, that she was looking for her ideal man. This had involved detailing some of the characteristics she expected to find, as well as some of the vicissitudes of her search. Now, when he referred to it, she could only ignore it with dignity.

She ignored it now by taking a silent inventory of her sitting-room. It was a very satisfactory room. The modern furniture was of bleached wood. The walls were white and the upholstery tended towards greys,

yellow, and plummy-browns. She could never have afforded it herself and it was proof of her parents' devotion that they had permitted their money to be spent on anything as odious to them as modern decor.

Sally considered the curtains. They were her own design, a geometric pattern of white and red against a purple background. The design was no longer being manufactured, because it hadn't sold very well.

"Oh, I finished my picture!" she exclaimed and brought it from the bedroom to show him. She loved to paint and tried very hard. This was a view of rooftops and backyards, touched by the oranges of a setting sun and the first blues of evening.

"Hey, I like it! I like it very much!" Toby propped the picture on a chair and watching his appreciative response she decided with delight that she had transmitted at least some of the values she had seen and felt.

After dinner he leaned towards her and said with feeling, "I'm willing to live in town, Sally, or in the country. I'm willing to have one child or ten. Plan any kind of life you like and I'll fall in with it. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

All at once Sally felt very guilty. "I think we ought to stop this little game, Toby," she said gently.

A vulnerable expression, compounded of anger and hurt, pushed into his face and he demanded loudly, "Out of all this idealist mumbo-jumbo you're looking for there must be something in our relationship—"

"Oh, of course, we get on."

He brought a hand up hard against his forehead and half shouted, "I was a well-adjusted person until I met you! My eyes focused! My hands were steady! I'm going to get out of here before I—"

As it happened he didn't get away until

eleven o'clock, because Sally was theoretically hundreds of pounds in debt at gin rummy and naturally wanted to try to straighten out her finances.

It was the very next afternoon, at a friend's cocktail party, that she met Ray Harbison. Everyone knew who Ray Harbison was. She knew herself as soon as someone reminded her. He was a young physicist and with other young, old, and middle-aged physicists he was frequently popping up in the newspapers. He had a long, lean face grained with intelligence, and grey eyes with such a detached, contemplative expression they filled her with awe. His short dark hair was spiky with premature silver.

After she was introduced to him Sally stood gazing reverently up at him, not having the slightest idea what to say. The people she knew scrambled round in the everyday world, but Ray Harbison communed with the ultimates of the universe. Having no confidence in her ability to say anything worthy of his attention, she compromised by smiling shyly. He studied her for a minute as impersonally as if she were a bit of scientific evidence, then slowly he smiled, too. He had a very sweet smile.

Her heart turned over. Her ideal man was one of mental stature and she had never encountered such mental stature as this. And it would be lovely to be married to a genius, because he could tell her everything she didn't know about science. While she was working round the house she could say lightly, "Darling, I'm afraid I'll have to confess I haven't the slightest idea what thermo-nuclear magno-polarism is." And he would smile indulgently and briefly explain. And every so often, simply because her mind wasn't cluttered with a lot of technical knowledge it would strike right to the heart of one of his problems.

"Darling," she would say, "suppose the nucleus of the proton divides horizontally instead of vertically, as you've assumed, wouldn't the megacycle react more sympathetically to the isotope?" And he would look at her with awe and amazement and adoration, because nobody had ever thought of that before.

Still unable to think of anything significant enough to say, she smiled shyly again. Her rose-colored dress was a vivid accent to her jet-black hair and her eyes were vital with admiration. But Sally knew the time had come when she had to say something and that it had better be intelligent. She opened her mouth and to her astonishment cried, "Do you like home cooking, Mr. Harbison?"

Apparently nothing in nature surprised Ray Harbison, because he answered evenly, "I think in most first-class restaurants the food is superior to the average home. However,

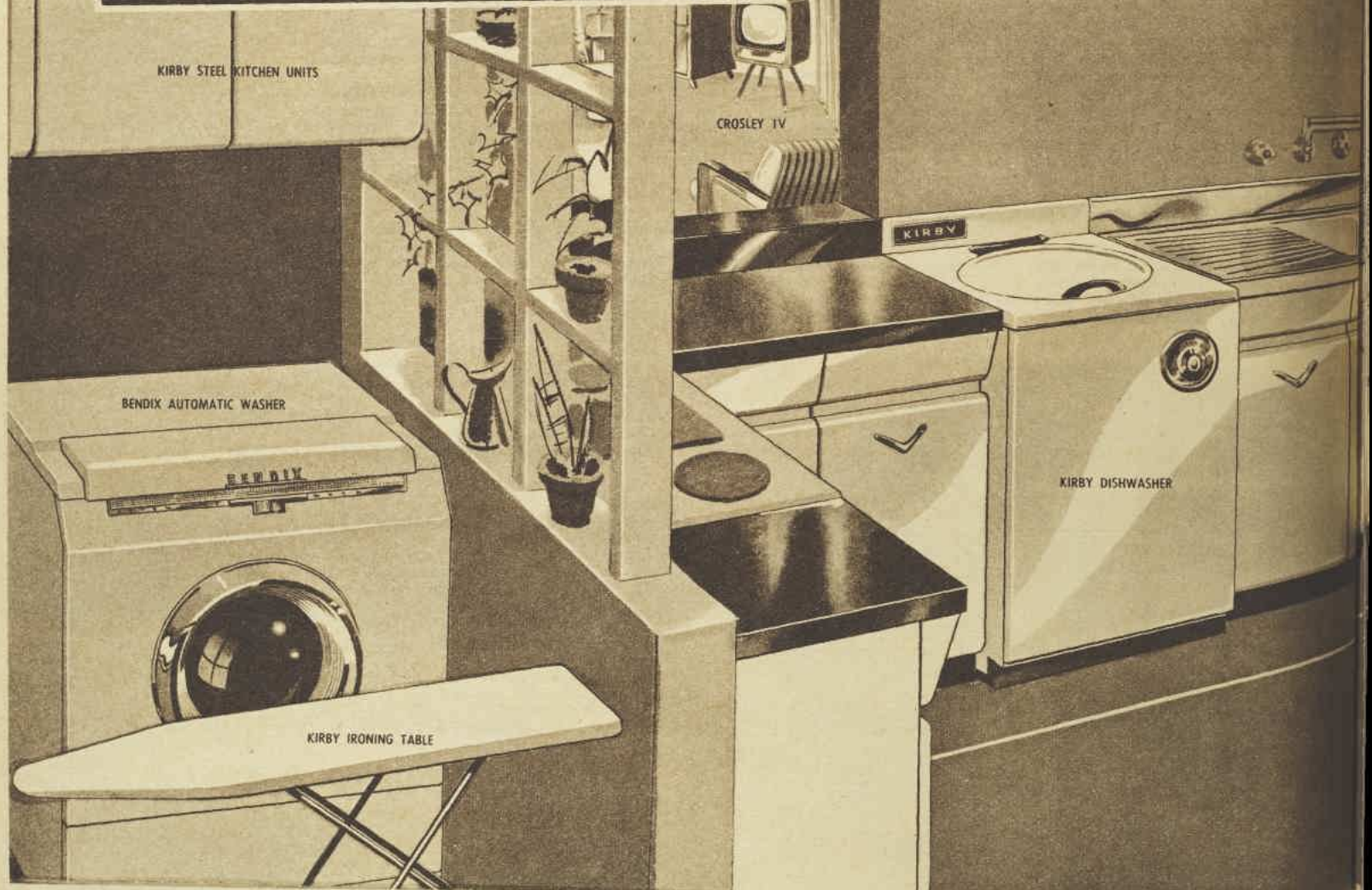
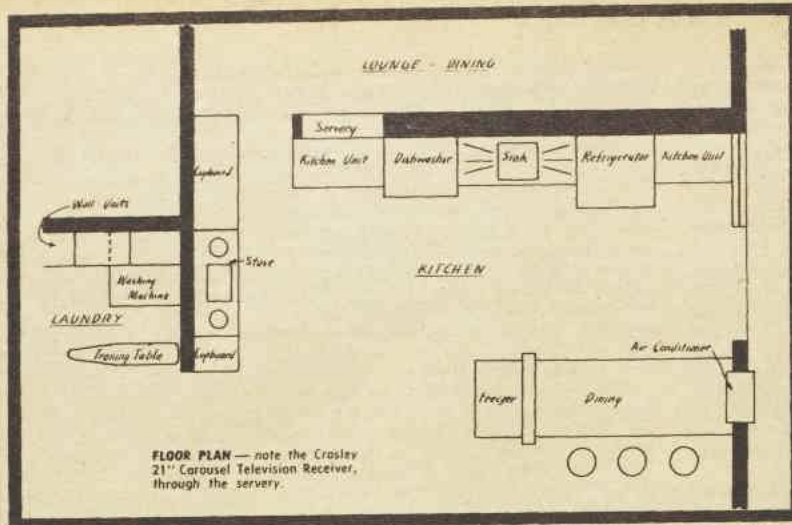
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Sally spent a great deal of her time dreaming up a blueprint of her ideal man.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND



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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"MY daughter, aged 21, has a boy-friend whom I neither particularly like nor dislike and whom I always make welcome. He visits my daughter at home and during the evenings the pair of them may be alone together. I and the rest of the family go to bed at 10. I think in these circumstances he should leave by 11. I also believe that when they go to the local pictures and come home for supper he should be gone by midnight. Am I old-fashioned and unreasonable?"

"Harassed," N.S.W.

No. I think you are being eminently sensible. Your daughter must realise that your restrictions are for her good and for the rest of the family.

I feel that her age, 21, is perhaps the heart of the trouble. When a girl reaches 21 she is legally of age. But the general belief that she can "do what she likes" is not really true of a girl living at home.

She cannot accept the advantages, financial and social, of living at home, and disregard the wishes of her parents about behaviour.

While she, or anyone of 21 or over, lives in their family home they must live as their parents wish and accept with grace the strictures of living within a family.

"WE are two very quiet girls in a very embarrassing position. We work together, and our manageress has set us a problem. She is only 23 years old. She hasn't got a boy-friend, and wonders why. We go dancing on Friday nights and she is a very good dancer, but is left sitting out. She cannot make this out, but some of the boys have asked us to tell her about her nasty breath, and that is why they won't dance with her. This spoils

our evening and makes us very embarrassed, as we feel we can't tell her, but we want to help her."

"Worried Pair," W.A.

If you want to help her, you must tell her her breath is bad. You can be tactful or blunt about it. It doesn't matter; either way is a rather unpleasant shock, for no one ever believes that their breath is bad.

Tell her at one moment and offer her a chlorophyll-impregnated breath-sweetening tablet the next. If you don't know the name of them, ask the chemist.

Once you've told her, suggest that she go to the dentist, too. A decaying tooth may be causing the bad breath. But do tell her—a few minutes' embarrassment for you two would probably mean a much happier time for her. But you must be prepared for the fact that although she may have reason to be grateful to you she may never forgive your frankness.

"I AM a young, attractive girl of 15. I have been going out with a boy two or three times a week for the past five weeks. He is a very jealous person, and if I even talk to another boy he sulks for the rest of the night. One Saturday night he took me to a social, and just because I had the 'Twilight Waltz' with another boy he refused to talk to me for the rest of the night, and would not even walk home with me. Could you please advise me what to do? I like this boy very much, regardless of everything."

"Wondering," Qld.

Jealousy is one of the worst things to cope with. It is completely unreasoning and the greatest pleasure and affection killer known.

You have to decide whether your love is

strong enough to over-ride the unpleasantness caused by this boy's jealousy. I think you are far too young to do so, or indeed to have any deep emotional relationship.

Give him up and wait, at least until you are 16, before you start any more entanglements.

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and am fond of a boy who has just turned 16. My parents have met and approved of him, but my friends claim he is far too young for me, and are inclined to shun him when we are in mixed company. What shall I do, as I like him, but also want to keep my girl-friends?"

"In-between," N.S.W.

Your girl-friends are jealous. I'd take no notice of their remarks. They'll soon get used to the fact that you have a mind of your own and a boy-friend, too.

You are the only person who can decide whether you prefer the approval of your girl-friends or the company of your boy-friend. But I'm sure I know what your decision will be. Boys are wonderful.

A word from Debbie...



• There is a vital link between activity and slinness. Good posture doesn't decrease your weight, but it makes you look slimmer; walking instead of taking trams and buses whittles your waist.

If you're dissatisfied with the way you look, check and see if you are committing any of these crimes against yourself.

Do you slump in the chair in front of the TV set nibbling starchy cakes and sweets instead of sitting up straight?

Do you always catch a bus or a tram instead of walking between stops?

Do you always use the lift to go one floor instead of walking up the stairs?

Do you stand with your stomach bulging and loll against verandah posts?

Do you walk with your head stuck forward like a turtle?

If you do any of these things, check your figure in front of a mirror.

You're in for a nasty surprise!



***** DISC DIGEST *****

"LOLLIPOPS" is the unusual title for a concert of the favorite pieces of Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducts the Royal Philharmonic on OALP.1533. These are the musical sweetmeats which Sir Thomas uses to round off his serious concerts. As he tells us in the notes he wrote for the cover, when the main work ends with a bang he plays a soothing encore, and if, say, a symphony ends on a quiet, gloomy note, he startles the audience into wakefulness with a musical firework.

Needless to say, the playing throughout the disc is faultless, and it deserves a place in any just-begun collection. Beecham's "Lollipops" are "Poet and Peasant Overture," "Valse Triste," "Royal Hunt and Storm" by Berlioz, a march by Mozart, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," Debussy's "Afternoon Of A Faun," "Dance Of The Sylphs," and Chabrier's "March Joyeuse." So, if you want a goodly helping of palatable music for a small outlay, this record is definitely for you.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians to-day are suffering from unhealthy hair and scalp. Sometimes, not realising this, they believe they have naturally dull hair. But if they realise something is wrong, all too frequently they adopt the wrong kind of treatment—start applying lotions and dressings that merely mask the problem temporarily instead of tackling it at its root.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS ABOUT DULL HAIR AND DANDRUFF

Hair specialists have found that very many hair troubles stem from one cause—the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff, accumulating on the scalp, can form a deposit which tends to block the hair follicles. This can prevent the free flow of the natural scalp oils that give healthy hair its lovely natural gloss. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff)—often it is in the hair without being seen at all.

HOW LOXENE HELPS TO REMOVE THE CAUSE OF UNHEALTHY HAIR

The answer to all these troubles caused by unhealthy hair was found by formulating a scalp treatment as a medicated shampoo. This preparation, called Loxene, makes hair and scalp really clean by removing all grime and flaky deposits. With regular use, Loxene removes and helps to overcome the development of dandruff.

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Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly, it is the natural way to beautiful hair. Seeing is believing—get a bottle of Loxene to-day and learn the new simple and economical way to hair health and beauty for all the family.

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Li & Z

Exciting new serial begins next week

● An "all-Australian" fiction section will be featured in *The Australian Women's Weekly* next week, when the three short stories and the exciting new serial will be by local authors and with local settings.

THE serial, "The Lonely Shore," is a story of colonial days, written by Freda Vines, who in private life is Mrs. J. M. Carmody, of Albany, Western Australia.

Mrs. Carmody's writing is already known to readers, for she was one of the six prize-winners in our 1957 Short Story Contest.

Her story, "The Web," was also one of the top favorites in the Readers' Choice Contest.

"The Lonely Shore" is a romantic and dramatic story of the Western Australian colony in 1842.

It stars a young English beauty who, bored and restless in the genteel and conventional society the settlers maintained in a savage setting, finds love and high adventure with the skipper of an American whaler.

Ask the author how she manages to find time to write when she has a home, a husband, and two children to look after, and she laughs away the query.

"I've discovered you never do any serious writing till you're married and have children," said Mrs. Carmody.

"In fact, like so many other women, I've discovered that the more you have to do the more you can fit in. And the less you have to do the less you can find time for."

Mrs. Carmody is fortunate in having an extremely helpful husband.

For Joe Carmody, Clerk-in-Charge of the Albany Water Supply, not only helps with their two young sons—Vernon, aged three, and Stephen, 14 months—but is also her most severe critic and chief encouragement.

"And just as well," said Mrs. Carmody. "I can't do much without someone to encourage me. I get very easily disheartened if things don't go right."

Mrs. Carmody's first husband, Flight-Lieut. Ted Calder, who was killed during the war, was also a wonderful encouragement in her writing, and helped her with her first book, a long narrative war poem called "The Maker of Music."

Her other works include two children's books, more than a dozen short stories, as many radio plays, almost as many poems, and numerous newspaper articles.

"But I'm afraid I've been rather a spasmodic writer," she said. "For years I scarcely wrote a thing."

Winning work

Spasmodic or not, she's had her taste of success, and, apart from our prize, she's won another short-story award in a Western Australian competition.

Mrs. Carmody, who writes at night after her sons are in bed, is a keen cook, particularly of Continental food, but doesn't like housework, and thinks her home could be described as having a "lived-in look."

She's happiest when she's out in the car, with her husband and sons, exploring the bush and the Western Australian coast.

"I'm writing a second novel, set on the south coast," she said. "I love doing historical research, and I recently visited the Recherche Archipelago to gather fresh material," she said.

Joe Carmody shares his wife's enthusiasm for the



FREDA VINES, author of "The Lonely Shore," a new and exciting story of colonial days in Australia, which will be serialised in *The Australian Women's Weekly* from next week. The author is in private life Mrs. J. M. Carmody.

State's history and the outbreak, and for his long-service leave they're planning a motor tour of Australia.

As her authentic writing shows, Freda Mary Russell Vines Carmody has plenty of pioneering blood in her veins.

Her great-grandfather, John Bussell, who makes an appearance in "The Lonely Shore," came to the West with his mother and brothers in 1830, and founded the town of Bussellton.

Another early settler, Marshall Waller Clifton, founder of the ambitious but unsuccessful Australind settlement near Bunbury, was Freda's great-grandfather.

The Bussells settled on the Vasse, where lush pastures had attracted straying cattle, and so they named the property "Cattle Chosen," which has been in the family ever since and is one of the State's historic landmarks.

Mrs. Carmody grew up there, before leaving for the city, where she was for many years a radio copywriter.

Her brother, Claude Vines, who now farms "Cattle Chosen," found the letter-book belonging to John Bussell which she's used in "The Lonely Shore."

There are still relics at "Cattle Chosen" of the old American whalers, and a small cannon which was supplied to the Bussells to frighten natives in days when they were troublesome.

Historic table

And the table on which Mrs. Carmody does her writing at Albany is a dropside mahogany brought out from England by the Bussells.

In the same room hang watercolors of the two important places in her life—one of "Cattle Chosen" by Western Australian artist Leith Angleo and another by W.A. artist Mardi Victor of Rottnest Island, where the Carmodys first met and which is still their "favorite spot."

One of the three Australian short stories which will appear with the first episode of "The Lonely Shore" next week is "Love and Lisa," a romantic tale of the assimilation of a New Australian family.

It's the first story published by Elizabeth Rackham, of Ringwood, Victoria, who is the mother of four children.

The other two short stories are "Uncle Tom and Little Eva," a slick romance set in the tough world of salesmanship, by Sydney author Owen Fitz Henry, and "Firetrap," a drama set in the Australian bush.

Author of the latter is Owen Gray, an Englishman who migrated to Australia with his wife and two children in 1952. With the proceeds of his short stories he has modernised the old home he and his wife have bought in South Australia.



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Our Christmas Customs Contest

● Only five days remain to the closing date of our Christmas Customs Contest, so if your family celebrates the day in any way that makes it different and special, write NOW and tell us about it.

YOUR letter, which should contain not more than 200 words, could win a cash prize.

Here are some examples of Christmas customs:

● A widow, with three married daughters and nine grandchildren, all under 10, has dispensed with Christmas dinner in favor of Christmas breakfast. This allows the daughters to go to their respective in-laws for dinner.

● A family invites two children from an orphanage to spend the day. Others invite old people from homes or friends who'd otherwise be "lost" on Christmas Day.

● Members of a New Australian family follow their European tradition of celebrating Christmas on Christmas Eve night. They have their Christmas dinner at six o'clock, give presents afterwards, and sing carols round the tree.

Tell us what special customs YOUR family keeps up on Christmas Day.

The best letter received will be awarded £10, and we will pay £2 for every other letter published. Closing date for the competition is Monday, November 10.

Send your entries to "Family Christmas," *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

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DRESS SENSE

● The American-styled one-piece illustrated here was chosen in answer to a letter from a young reader.

HERE is the reader's request and my reply: "I have 6½yds. of woven check gingham and 7yds. of lace edging I want to use for a really full-skirted day frock. I am in my late teens and am a bit above average as a dressmaker, as I have taken a course. I don't want a chemise, as I have already made two. Perhaps I could have an American shirt-waist style or something similar."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is not a shirtwaist, but it is American designed. The dress is entirely opposite in silhouette to a chemise, and I think it is very pretty.

The modified scoop neck is finished with a demure collar, and the lace-edged ruffle trim runs from neck to hemline. The skirt is full and the three-quarter-length sleeves add an elegant touch.

A paper pattern for the de-

sign is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"IS a very pale beige, nearly cream, a good shade for a summer frock? If you think the color is correct, would you please tell me the best accessory color and costume jewelry to wear with the dress?"

For the summer season bleached and off-whites are in the high-fashion bracket. These blond shades look best worn with matching colored accessories and gold or gold-and-turquoise costume jewelry.

"I HAVE chosen a design for a frock to make for a special occasion and wondered if a cotton material would be too informal."

Cotton would be a good choice. This season cotton ranks as high fashion, and it comes in glorious prints and colors often patterned as extravagantly as silk. There is also a new range of weaves and textures.

"COULD you give me an idea for trimming a toque made in black novelty straw?"

Scatter the hat with small white velvet ribbon bows. Make the bows quite flat and neat.

by
**Betty
Keep**

DS335.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 6yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief:

GROOMING FOR HEALTHY FEET

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If your feet aren't your pride, don't draw attention to them with bright nail lacquer. Instead, use pale pink or pearl, or buff the nails to a healthy gloss.

BUFFING takes only a few minutes, and, combined with a regular weekly pedicure and some massage, will help you towards attractive feet.

Cut the cost of foot grooming by using body lotion or face cream to improve the skin texture.

Choose a non-greasy preparation, place a little in the palm of each hand, then rub the instep, foot, and the ankle until no trace remains. Also groom the legs and feet by massaging with a lanolin-base dry-skin cream at least once a week.

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flounced, beflowered, elegantly plain or
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bedspreads are most moderately priced—and
stocked by good stores everywhere.



Striking "Madison" Design No. 510.

Dramatic, contemporary pattern in black, orange, yellow and forest green on background shades of lime, grey or beige—one of the most popular contemporary designs ever produced. Throwover style for double and 3-ft. beds. Floor rugs also available to match "Madison" spread.

Elegant "Llama" Design No. 511.

Gorgeous fringed throwover in long-tuft Hollywood chenille—soft as velvet, fluffy as fur. "Llama" is Australia's No. 1 bedspread seller. Beautiful shades—grey, beige, lilac, mushroom, rose, champagne, gold, chartreuse, green, blue, aqua, scarlet, lipstick, burgundy; pastels pink, blue, green, gold, white. Also available in gathered-skirt tailored style. Double and 3-ft. sizes.



Adorable "Maryland" Design No. 547. Side-liner* bedspread, pretty as Spring in a delicate flower design. You'll find a colour you'll love among Hollywood's glorious background shades of pastels green, gold, pink, blue and white. Also made trimmed with bands of delicate grey. Double-bed size.



Lavish "Sun Valley" Design No. 560.

Fringed-skirt Side-Liner* bedspread richly embossed—the latest star in the beautiful Hollywood range. Grey, beige, lilac, mushroom, rose, champagne, gold, chartreuse, green, blue, scarlet, burgundy, lipstick, aqua, white; pastels pink, blue, green, gold. Tailored style in double or 3-ft. sizes.

*Side-Liner is an exclusive Hollywood feature—an extension of reverse chenille that covers your pillows smoothly, to fall in graceful folds, ensuring beautifully even floorline.

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Fresh look with Color

FACE-LIFT FOR FLAT



ENTRANCE HALL of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gyngell's flat at Woollahra, N.S.W., looking right through the living-room to the verandah beyond. The two Chinese embroidery panels on the wall face the front door and provide a splash of brilliant color. The front door is painted clear orange.

Once-dull rooms now look modern, gay

● Clear, fresh colors are usually preferred by today's young homemakers for their decorating schemes. These "young" colors are not only smart but most practical when they are used cleverly with an eye for balance as well as proportion.

THE attractive flat shown on this page and overleaf is an excellent example of what can be done with color and skill to give small, badly proportioned rooms a look of space and charm.

This flat in a large residential block at Woollahra, N.S.W., is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gyngell. Mrs. Gyngell, a recent bride, has a flair for color harmony and planned all the decoration and furnishings and did much of the work herself.

If you are a do-it-yourself enthusiast, she gives lots of bright ideas you can use.

"Our flat is on the top floor of the building," Mrs. Gyngell said. "It consists of a large entrance hall leading into a kitchenette through an archway on the right, a living-room, two bedrooms (one is used as a dressing-room), and a bathroom.

"At the front of the flat, facing towards Centennial Park, is the verandah.

"First and foremost I wanted to make the

place look as large as possible and to let in every scrap of natural light and air.

"I decided the best way to do it was to paint all the walls a light color and, by allowing one color to predominate, get the effect of each room flowing into the next.

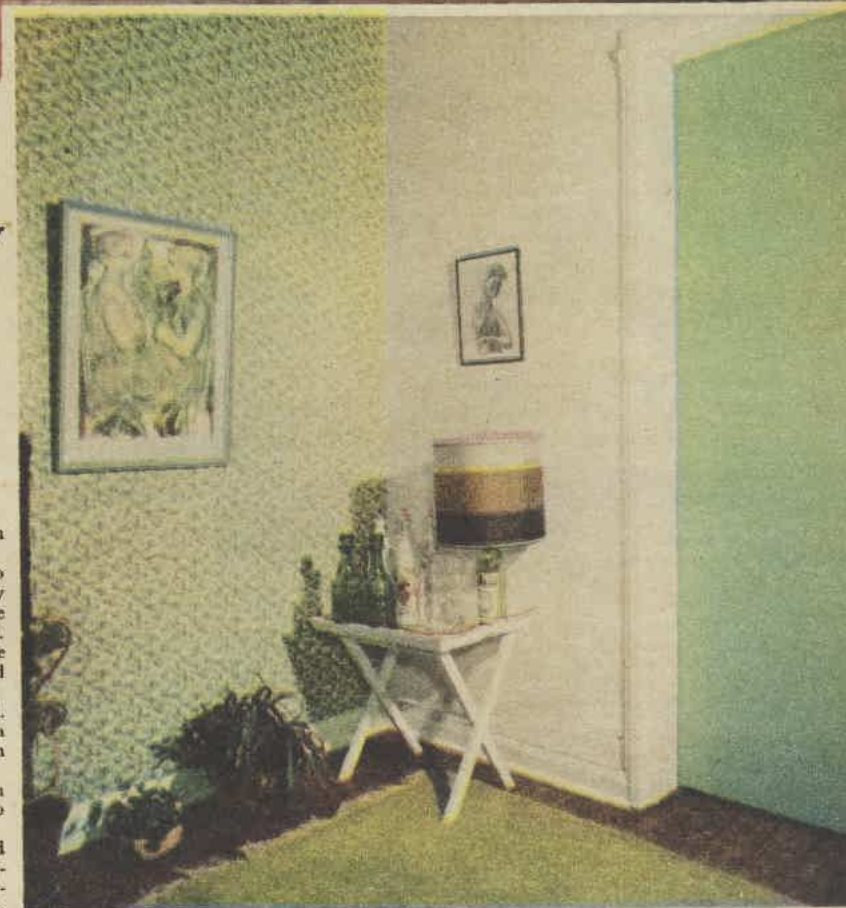
"I chose white for our flat. It's a favorite shade of mine and the perfect background for color."

No structural alterations were attempted. One centre-light fixture was removed from a ceiling and power-points were installed in some rooms for lamp fittings.

The timber flooring was in poor condition to start with, but it has responded well to cleaning and polishing.

This flat was inexpensive to furnish and decorate, the main costs being the basic furnishings and painting materials. All the furniture and fittings such as curtains, carpets, and blinds can be moved easily—an important consideration when your accommodation is rented.

(Continued overleaf)



CORNER of the living-room papered in washable Danish wallpaper and lit by an attractive lamp with a shade in muted green, gold, and grey. The blue door at the right leads to the bedrooms and bath. The door, which runs on an overhead track, is painted to match the verandah ceiling.



LONG VIEW through the living-room to the verandah in the Gyngell's flat in Woollahra, N.S.W. Clever use of color helps to make this formerly uninteresting area charming and gay.



DIFFERENT ANGLE of the living-room photographed from the verandah of the flat. An Etruscan figure is an unusual decoration on the far wall. Elsewhere there are prints and some modern art. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Sparkling shades used with skill

● These pictures of the interior of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gyngell's flat in Woollahra, N.S.W., show how small rooms have been transformed with sparkling color and modern furnishings.

IN the entrance hall (shown on the previous page) the ceiling is chartreuse and the front door has been painted in clear orange full-gloss enamel. Mrs. Gyngell chose these colors because the hall has no natural light and they impart warmth and gaiety. The two embroidered Chinese panels on the wall facing the front door are most effective. These were a gift to Mrs. Gyngell from her mother. The large green dye bottle on the polished timber floor holds sprays of blossom.

For a homely touch, a handsome old cedar desk, polished to a mellow glow and fitted with new brass handles, has been placed on the left of the hallway.

The living-room beyond is the hub of the household activity. This area is connected to the verandah by glass doors and the longest wall is mainly glass.

Two of the other walls and the ceiling are painted white, and the far one has been papered in washable Danish wallpaper in tones of muted grey, brown, and beige-white that form a tiny mosaic pattern.

An attractive feature of this room is the window wall curtained in snow-white terylene. These curtains not only look nice. They also ensure privacy during the day, admit the maximum amount of light, and, being the same color as the walls, create a feeling of space in the room. "Solid comfort should be the first consideration when furnishing a home," Mrs. Gyngell said. "Comfort means enough space to move round in as well as roomy chairs to sit in, small tables placed within easy reach, and cupboards that swing without bumping other furniture."

"It's very important when planning your home to put everything down on paper, as I did. It makes decorating much easier and more fun."

"Make a floor plan for each room with squared paper and allow one

Fresh look with Color

square for each foot of space. Next list all the furniture that will be needed, note the size against each piece, and cut out furniture shapes to scale.

"Remember that traffic patterns cross each room when plotting furniture into place. These patterns should be between 2ft. and 2ft. 6in. wide.

"Having a clear picture of rooms with all the space accounted for solves half the problems of furnishing and decoration.

"All you have to do then is pick out the colors you like best and use them in the right proportions.

"In my living-room the colors are vivid and gay. There is a chartreuse Indian carpet on the floor that picks up the same color in the hallway.

"The large armchair has a loose cover of pale beige fabric, and the giant pouff of rough green-brown silk serves as an extra seat or can be drawn up to the chair for extra comfort."

Clear blue fabric has been used for the divan mattress, which rests on a black-iron frame. The brilliant cushions are for comfort as well as effect.

Italian table

A small Italian glass mosaic table in shades of dark green and chartreuse-blue stands midway between the couch and chair, and there is a small marble table on iron legs beside the armchair.

"My husband and I sat up until 2 o'clock one morning to finish that Italian table," Mrs. Gygell said. "The other one is a wedding present."

For homemakers furnishing on a budget, iron furniture is wonderful. In addition to being economical to buy, iron has a light appearance that fits in well with modern decor.

Furniture that clears the floor makes a room seem larger and is consequently a real boon in these days of restricted living space.

A Japanese lantern that casts a lovely soft light makes the living-room warm and altogether livable at night.

The bedroom is in complete contrast to the greens, blues, and multi-color accents of the living areas with its lilac ceiling and white Indian rug on the floor.

This room commands a wonderful view of Centennial Park and gets both morning and afternoon sun through the big glass windows.

Cool colors accented with bright touches were the obvious choice for this room.

White-painted walls keep the room light and in harmony with the remainder of the flat.

The full-length curtains, made of alternate 18-inch-wide lengths of white, lilac, and jade-green poplin, can be drawn across the window wall or used to frame the view.

In keeping with the surroundings is the modern iron bed with lilac linen and blankets, flanked on either side by small green lacquered tables with smoked-glass tops, on which stand small Japanese lantern-lights.

Looking rather like small, flat kettles, these lanterns give out a charming, restful glow of light.

The other furniture in the room is a dull black bookcase and a handsome old cane chair (see picture top right) that has been sprayed a glassy black and fitted with a cushion of bright cyclamen.

Another attractive spot is the sunny verandah — a feature that is often the despair of the decorator. This verandah has white-painted walls so when the doors are open in warm weather it becomes a continuation of the living-room.

Mixed paints

A mixture of several paints produced the soft grey-green floor coloring. Above it the ceiling is a clear blue, similar to the living-room door.

Bold yellow and white stripes decorate the roll-up canvas blinds.

A slab of white marble from an old washstand has been turned into an attractive wall table for the verandah, and some Chinese basket chairs and stools complete the furnishing scheme.

The present kitchenette and tiny bathroom in the flat are smart and modern.

In the kitchenette three walls and the ceiling are painted chartreuse (this color carries through from the entrance hall), and there is a vegetable-motif wallpaper over the sink. A white duck blind, chosen because it was washable and allows the daylight through, screens the window.

A plain jade-green linoleum accents the white refrigerator, canisters in clear orange, and indoor plants in terracotta pots.

In the bathroom the new color scheme is pink, white, and olive-green. Windows are covered with rice paper with a glistening butterfly motif.



ABOVE: Cool and modern looking with its decor of lilac, white, and green, this bedroom has a lovely view. The draw curtains are poplin and match those on the doorway at right.

Basic schemes in decoration

● Some of the happiest decoration schemes result from choosing a favorite color and building on it.

THERE are three basic methods of grouping colors: the monochromatic or one-color scheme in which shades of the same basic color give the accents; the complementary scheme that uses opposing colors such as blue and red; and what is often most beautiful, a related scheme that blends consecutive colors, or ones close in tone.

★ ★ ★
AMONG individual colors, the yellows are cheerful, sunny, and stimulating.

★ ★ ★
GREENS are restful, look well in all types of rooms, and blend well with wood.

★ ★ ★
RED is warm and welcoming. Today red is combined with vivid pinks or bold tangerines to make totally new color schemes.

★ ★ ★
BLUE is a cool, fresh color that can be used in large areas—on walls, ceilings, and floors.

★ ★ ★
BLACK is dramatic, and used sparingly it will emphasise the beauty of any color scheme.

★ ★ ★
THE neutrals, beige, grey, and cream, in various tones with perhaps one touch of vivid color, always give a harmonious effect.

★ ★ ★
WHITE is perfect. It can be used anywhere, and helps any color combination.



GLASS DOORS open on to the verandah from the bedroom. The room itself is sophisticated and cool looking with its color scheme of white, lilac, green, with a cyclamen accent.

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PRETTY WINDOWS..



ATTRACTIVE SUNROOM at the home of Mrs. J. Robinson, Hunter's Hill, Sydney, illustrates the success of window treatment where light control is left to venetian blinds and the drapes are for decoration only.

● Well-chosen curtains and drapes enhance the appearance of even the most ordinary room. On these pages and overleaf are hints on selecting, arranging, and maintaining curtains in the home.

THIS year beautiful textiles in great variety are available to home decorators. Many of these new textiles have been designed by artists of international repute, and scientists have worked with them to produce materials that are tough and hard-wearing yet retain the softness and beauty once found only in very delicate weaves.

If your windows present special problems, foresight and careful planning beforehand will pay dividends when you are actually

shopping for the materials. And today, finding the right fabric should be a simple matter. Synthetic fabrics, much in demand because of their easy-to-care-for qualities, are now competing with other materials in their colors and patterns. Cottons are gayer and brighter than ever.

Several types of curtain treatments are shown in this section, and also other interesting ways to use fabrics and drapes. You can adapt these ideas to your home. But before

Fresh look with Color



ABOVE: One of the latest designs in a washable wool and terylene mixture. Gold Chinese trees are on a pale background.

RIGHT: Florals and solid colors pair on an angled window treatment. Both are new washable

Curtains that charm



YARDS of smoothly draped curtains cover a wall of windows. The fabric, one of the new synthetics, is sheer but not soft, with a delicate stripe of gold metallic thread running in bands across its width.

you decide, remember these points:

- Choose a material appropriate to your needs — a heavy fabric will frame a window best, shut out light if drawn at night, and provide privacy. Sheer fabrics used as sash curtains can be combined with heavier drapes or spread right across a large area of glass.
- Bright washable fabrics such as chintz and cotton are most suited to bedrooms, sun-rooms, and kitchens, although in modern homes they are often used in living-rooms.
- Skimpy draperies will spoil your effect. Never split 52in. material and always use one 36in. wide or wider for each panel. Have plenty of fullness, even if it means you must

buy cheaper fabric. Always allow an inch or more on either side for hems — they look better than a selvage and help the curtains to hang well.

• Good drawing and good coloring are features to look for when selecting materials. Many contemporary designs are deliberately free, but there is a difference between freedom and sloppiness. Look for clear crisp line and color.

• To avoid making mistakes in color, select fabrics that match or blend with some other furnishing in the room. For an average room use only one patterned fabric and solid colors from the pattern for the remaining materials.



CONTEMPORARY COTTON with a frilled valance frames the magnificent river-view from the kitchen of Mrs. J. Robinson's home at Hunter's Hill, Sydney. Sparkling color in the curtains also echoes floor design.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 12, 1958

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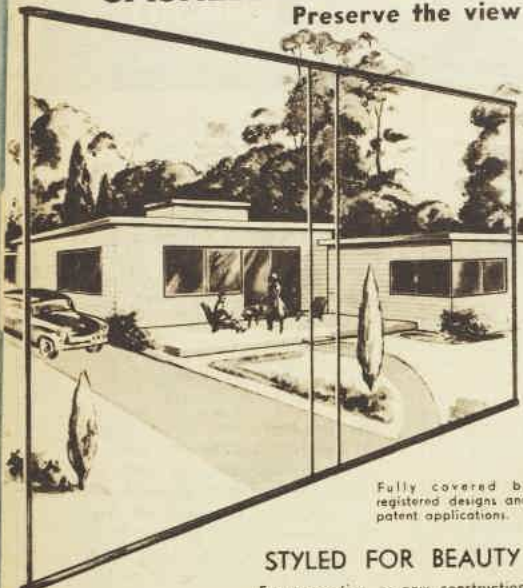
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Smart ways with draperies

● Curtain material, in addition to adorning your windows, can be used to frame mirrors, cover bed-heads, hide dull walls, and even become the focal point of an entire furnishing plan.

THE easy-to-care-for qualities of the new synthetic fabrics and modern aids such as special rods, gathering cords, ready-made headings, and pleater hooks encourage the homemaker to try new ways with curtain fabrics, knowing they can be dismantled and laundered easily.

Many of the decorative arrangements have a highly practical value. Problem windows and bad structural features in a room can be disguised by a cleverly arranged drape.

The window that is too high will assume the right proportions with a deep valance or pelmet. A narrow doorway appears wider if it is curtained on either side. A hall window set between narrow walls can be curtained by drapes hanging at an angle from extension rods.

Extra dimension can be given to an insignificant little window by using a curved rod and a cornice above floor-length draperies. This treatment will also disguise an ugly pillar or any other bad structural feature.

If it is not practical to curtain a window, blinds made of furnishing fabrics supply an attractive substitute.

A row of small windows looks charming with blinds of a material that matches some other object in the room. A new addition is the window shade that draws up instead of down. This gives privacy while allowing light to enter the upper section of the window.



ABOVE: Curtains used as a bedhead give a delightful look of luxury to this setting. The fabric's tassel motif is repeated as a trim on the spread. Pelmet and drapes match bolsters. (From "Living For Young Homemakers," Copyright 1956, Street & Smith Publications, Inc.)

HINTS ON CURTAIN CARE

BE sure a fabric is washable before you put it into a washing machine. Materials such as silks, velvets, or damasks must be dry-cleaned.

pens, rinse the curtains immediately in lukewarm water until the water is clear. When drying, hang so one color does not drip on to another.

THE drip-dry synthetics are best washed by hand and hung uncreased on the line so that a minimum of ironing is necessary. A rod slipped in the hem of sheer curtains before hanging on the line helps them to dry evenly.

IRONING always should be done across the width of the material. Cottons or linens can be pressed on the right side with a hot iron, but rayon should be ironed with a warm iron on the wrong side.

DEEP-COLORED materials sometimes contain surplus dye that bleeds while washing. If this hap-

CLEAN curtains deserve rods and fixtures free of rust and dust. A piece of adhesive tape over the end of the rod will prevent snagging when sheer curtains are re-threaded.

RIGHT: The latest sheer curtaining is a dream. Note the frilled edge and soft ruches and gathers. Despite its fragile look, this fabric is one of the tough washable synthetics.

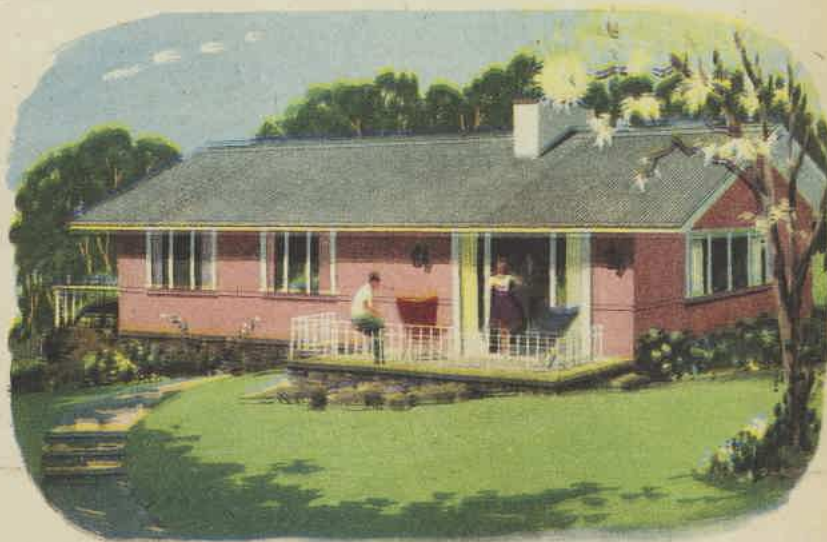


ABOVE: Striking horse design in one of the new synthetics is draped from ceiling height to disguise an ugly piece of masonry. The fabric is easily laundered, needs minimum ironing.

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How to paint your home inside and outside

LIFT OUT AND KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE



Taubmans have planned this four-page supplement to be of real help to you. You want clear and helpful information when you go in to buy paint. Which paint for inside? Which for outside? What paint suits the surface? How will it wear? How much do you need? What preparations are required? In these four pages we answer all these questions. This information has been prepared with the co-operation of paint dealers all over Australia. These days the man who sells you Taubmans paint is an



expert. He's had long experience with paints and that means his advice is worth having. Often, he's a colour expert, too. And in addition to his long ex-

perience with painting, he has more than likely attended Taubmans special training courses.

Even so, we believe that you would like to think over your purchase in advance so that when you go to your Taubmans dealer you won't have to make any hurried decisions if other people are waiting to be served.

How to save time at the paint counter

Taubmans want you to get the most help and advice from your dealer. It's a good idea for you to shop early in the week, preferably in the morning, when he has most time to talk with you and advise you on your own particular paint problem.

Here are a few simple steps to follow to make buying easier

Step 1. When you go into your dealer's store, first ask him for the Taubmans Colour Charts. While you're deciding on colour, tell the dealer these important facts:

Step 2. Whether you're painting Inside or Outside and what type of surface it is (plaster wall, wallpaper, stained woodwork,

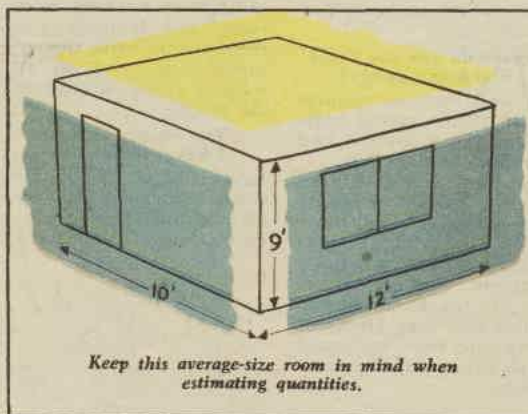
etc.).

Step 3. See if the surface is in good condition. Is it cracked or peeling? Tell the dealer.

Step 4. Tell him the size of the area you want to paint. (There's a quick-calculating method below the diagram at right.)

Taubmans Decorating Service

This service is available in each of the capital cities and in many parts of the country, too. Experts in colour and interior decoration will gladly advise you on any home decorating problem. For instance, the best wall and ceiling colours to choose to harmonise with and complement your floor coverings and furnishings. Also, actual colour planning for every room in the house, ways of removing old wallpaper, how to get the easiest and best paint job, etc.



How much paint should you order?

Let's take interior walls as an example. To simplify your figuring on how much paint it will take to do your job we suggest you think in terms of

painting an average-size room. Let's say 10 feet x 12 feet with 9-feet high walls. The quantities listed in the chart below allow for one coat. If you need two, double the quantity.

The 4 walls	Revelite Flat Gaydec	Approx. 3 quarts
		" 3 "
Ceiling	Thix	Approx. 1 quart
Wooden trims such as architraves, skirting boards, window frames and 1 door	Revelite Full Gloss or Revelite Semi Gloss	Approx. 1 pint

This is important—read the instructions on the back of the Taubmans tin before you paint. They're there to save you time and money and give you a successful job.

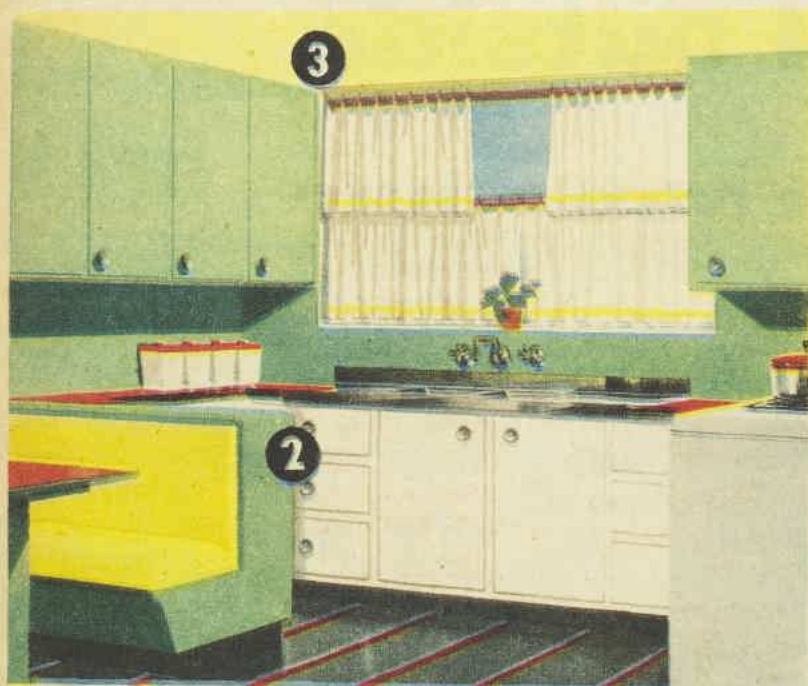
There is a very good reason why we can assure you that Taubmans paints will give you the best results. It's this: our paints are specially formulated for either inside or outside use. The conditions that prevail for inside painting are different to those for outside. So, we have paints specifically for Inside jobs and others specifically for Outside jobs. We do not believe that a paint recommended for both "Inside and Outside" can be fully satisfactory.



During manufacture and after, our inside paints are subjected to intensive laboratory controls for inside conditions, our outside paints for outside conditions.

INSIDE

Taubmans help you choose the



Taubmans offer three flat-finish paints for interior walls and ceilings. Revelite Flat (1), Gaydec (5) and Thix (4).

We offer three because each has a certain quality that appeals to different people. Each has a slightly different texture. Revelite Flat (1) is a flat enamel. You might not expect to find an enamel without a gloss. We assure you Revelite Flat is an enamel, and with all the hard-wearing qualities of an enamel. Gaydec (5) is a PVA paint with a soft, soft sheen. Thix (4) is a one-coat paint with a velvety texture.

Each paint can be used to do the same job. Your Taubmans dealer will give

you any extra help to choose the finish that's best suited to your particular job.

Where do you use these Flat-finish paints?

On walls and on ceilings in all rooms except bathroom, kitchen and laundry.

Taubmans have two other interior paints, Revelite Full Gloss (2) and Revelite Semi Gloss (3) enamels. These are for a different purpose again. They're tough, scrubbable paints that take plenty of wear and tear, withstand cooking vapours and steam.

Where do you use these glossy-finish paints?

Being resistant to heat and

steam they are specially suitable for walls and ceilings in kitchen, bathroom and laundry. Use them also in halls, timber-lined rooms and on all wooden trims throughout the house.

The beauty of the 3 Revelite finishes

Revelite Flat (1) is for certain surfaces (as explained above). Revelite Full Gloss (2) and Reve-



lite Semi Gloss (3) are for different surfaces again. But, all three finishes feature the same 21 colours. That saves you time. When you're trying to match the colour of the woodwork to the walls you don't have to put up with "near enough is good enough". Want to use Mushroom Revelite Flat in the bedroom? Then match the woodwork colour exactly with Mushroom Revelite Full Gloss or Semi Gloss.

Now let's consider Gaydec

Gaydec (5) is Taubmans PVA paint and that's what makes it so scrubbable. The Polyvinyl Acetate resin in Gaydec gives a tough but beautiful finish.



It enables a Gaydec surface to be touch dry in 20 minutes. Gaydec is an economy buy because it needs no sealers or undercoats. Easy to use because you wash out your equipment in water. Gaydec is odourless. And fungus-resistant. Gaydec is in 19 colours (and with them, of course, you use Revelite Full Gloss (2) or Semi

Gloss (3) for the woodwork).

Now Thix

Thix (4) is Taubmans one-coat paint. Thix won't run down the handle of your roller or brush — and that makes it the perfect paint for ceilings. In 19 washable colours (more about Thix on page 4).

What about undercoats?

Sealers and undercoats are rarely necessary with Taubmans finishes. However, where they are specified by your dealer, make sure you ask for Taubmans because our Petriseal, Interior Undercoat and Exterior Undercoat are specially formulated to go under Taubmans finishes.



1
TAUBMANS REVELITE FLAT
One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average-size room.



2
TAUBMANS REVELITE FULL GLOSS
One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average-size room.



3
TAUBMANS REVELITE SEMI GLOSS
One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average-size room.



4
TAUBMANS THIX
One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average-size room.



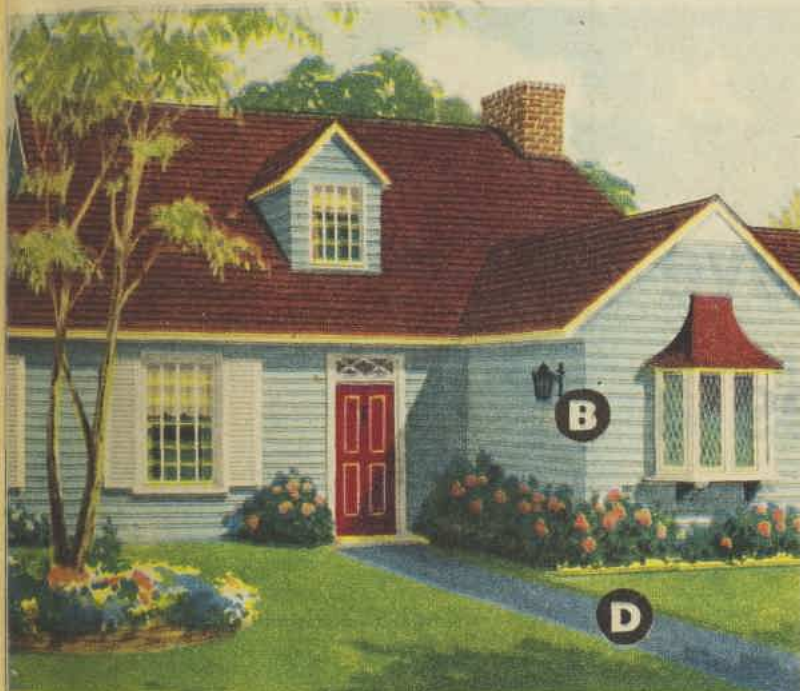
5
TAUBMANS GAYDEC
One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average-size room.



TAUBMANS INTERIOR UNDERCOAT
A gallon covers 700 square feet.

OUTSIDE

Right paints for every surface



The all-important question about an outside paint is: How long will it stay beautiful?

After constant comparative tests, we can honestly say that Taubmans outside paints — Butex Full Gloss, Butex Velvet-Flat, Butex Roof Paint — are the most durable on the market.

At Taubmans exposure stations throughout Australia we subject these outside paints to the most rigorous weather tests. For instance, test panels of all three Butex finishes are left in the open for year after year.

They are exposed to the ravages of time, extreme heat and extreme cold. The panels are also exposed to chemical fall-out

from nearby chimneys. Once a week, they are sprayed with salt because salt air is another hazard outside paint has to beat.

Every batch of Butex paint that leaves our factories has to pass the standards set by these exceptional tests.

How about preparing the surface?

There can be all sorts of problems of damp, flaking old paint, etc. In this case your Taubmans dealer can give you detailed advice on preparation. For new surfaces or surfaces in good condition see the chart on this page. Where you need a sealer make sure that it's Taubmans Petriseal. This not only

seals the surface but has been specially prepared to go under Taubmans finishes.

Where to use them

For common brick, fibro, cement render we suggest you use Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat (A). This is our new outside paint. It has all the durability of our famous Butex Full Gloss (B) . . . without the gloss finish. The 17 decorator colours in Butex Velvet-Flat match, or harmonise with, those in the Butex Full Gloss



range. You'll want Butex Full Gloss on all the outside timber and ironwork.

For weatherboard homes and all ironwork use Taubmans Butex Full Gloss (B). This paint has been famous for years for its lasting Full Gloss beauty. In 30 decorator colours that match or harmonise with those in Butex Velvet-Flat (A) which you'll use on all outside fibro, stonework and brick.

Don't forget Solpah

Taubmans Solpah is now a household word all over Australia. It's our enamelled glossy finish for all walked-on surfaces and it wears like iron on any surface. In 13 colours.

For surfaces in reasonably good condition and for COMMON BRICK, WEATHERED FIBRO, CEMENT RENDER, ETC.

One or two coats of Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat

(If the surface is new.)

1st coat — Taubmans Petriseal

2nd coat — Taubmans Butex Velvet-Flat

(Petriseal is not required for new brick.)

FOR TIMBER SURFACES

(In reasonably good condition)

1 coat — Taubmans Butex Full Gloss

(If the surface is new.)

1st coat — Taubmans Pink or White Primer

2nd coat — Taubmans Exterior Undercoat

3rd coat — Taubmans Butex Full Gloss

(On painted metal surfaces in reasonable condition one coat of Taubmans Butex Full Gloss is usually sufficient.)



TAUBMANS BUTEX VELVET-FLAT
A gallon covers 300-500 square feet.



TAUBMANS BUTEX FULL GLOSS
A gallon covers 800 square feet.



TAUBMANS BUTEX ROOF PAINT
A gallon covers 800-900 square feet.



TAUBMANS SOLPAH PAVING PAINT
A quart covers 150-200 square feet.



TAUBMANS EXTERIOR UNDERCOAT
A gallon covers 650-700 square feet.



TAUBMANS PETRISEAL
A gallon covers 450-500 square feet.



Let your ceilings prove Taubmans Thix does a trouble-free, one-coat job

Thix won't roll down the handle
of your roller or brush.

Thix is a thixotropic paint with a . . .
SMOOTH, VELVET-FINISH.

What is a thixotropic paint? It's a new paint formula. In the tin the paint has a thicker-than-usual consistency. When you paint, it's less likely to run or drip. It spreads easily over the ceiling or wall with a smooth, velvet-finish.

TIME-SAVING. Thix is the only true one-coat paint on the Australian market. You really load your brush or roller with this extraordinary new type of paint and you put it on the wall or ceiling. Just one thing we stress: resist the natural urge to brush

backwards and forwards the way you've always done with other paints. You just put Thix on any surface with one or two good strokes and move on . . . and you'll find that a roller suits Thix even better than a brush — and it's quicker, too.

MONEY-SAVING. Remember this. On a cost basis, one coat of high-quality Thix costs considerably less than two coats of even the cheapest ordinary paint. And Thix needs no undercoats, no sealers.

Thix (1) is in 19 decorator colours. Every one harmonises beautifully with the Revelite Full Gloss or Revelite Semi Gloss (2) on the woodwork.



Taubmans Thix, for walls and ceilings in bedrooms, living room and dining room. One gallon is ample for one coat on walls and ceiling of average-size room.

Revelite Full Gloss or Revelite Semi Gloss. Approx. 1 pint is ample for one coat on skirting boards, window frames, 1 door and architraves in average-size room.



Butex Roof Paint, specially made for Galvanised Iron roofs, gutterings and downpipes and other outside metal work. A gallon covers 800-900 square feet.



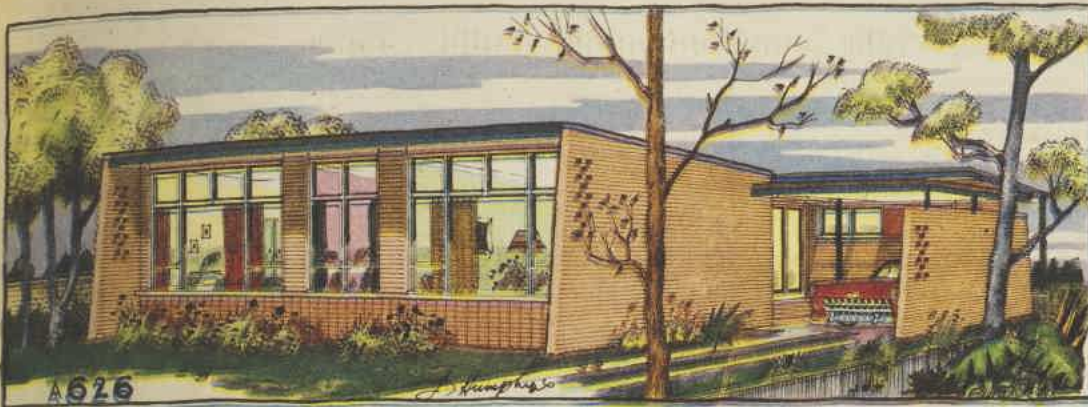
---and protect your roof with Taubmans Butex Roof Paint

No other part of the house is open to such weather extremes as the roof. Nowhere else is it so vital to have a paint that protects the surface as well as decorates it. Taubmans Butex Roof Paint is such a paint.

At the height of an Australian summer the roof temperature often climbs to 140-165 degrees. And there are areas in Australia where we get frost and near-freezing temperature for most of the winter.

Butex Roof Paint is perfected to withstand these extremes of heat and cold. It's a full gloss enamelled paint. It contains properties which enable it to expand and contract with the metal surfaces during severe rises and drops in the temperature. The colour and anti-corrosive properties of Butex Roof Paint have been tested and re-tested at our exposure stations and in salt-spray and weatherometer research.

Planned with imagination



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows how the projecting walls and roof overhang make the exterior appearance more attractive. They have an excellent practical value in shading the rooms from strong summer sun, and would be equally effective in whatever building material is used. The roof shown here is skillion with a flat roof on carport and gallery.

● An open courtyard and wide areas of glass give a spacious appearance to the imaginative layout of this week's home plan.

THE plan, designed by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys, is one of our series of "signature" plans and is available to readers at any of our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in panel below.

Not only is this a home that is delightful to look at but one that is interesting and comfortable to live in.

Every room has a pleasant outlook and the whole house has been planned to take advantage of opportunities for outdoor living.

The plan is basically two rectangles, one for living, the other for sleeping, linked by a courtyard and gallery.

There is the utmost simplicity in the design. Exterior walls of brick and glass are shown in the sketch above, but they would look equally well in timber or fibro combined with glass.

Projecting walls give added interest to the exterior appearance and combine with the overhang from eaves to protect the rooms from glare.

Across the front of the house is the wing containing the three bedrooms, bathroom, and separate toilet. The remainder of the area is devoted to living-rooms, entrance gallery, courtyard, and patio.

Access from the carport is across a pergola-covered patio to the glass-walled entrance gallery, with direct entry to either wing or to the courtyard.

The entrance gallery, entirely of glass, is a unique feature of the design.

The courtyard is a warm and sheltered spot for meals or outdoor relaxation. Children playing here can be supervised from both wings of the house.

Interior interest in the living-room centres on the fireplace, which has a projecting hearth.

Our perspective sketch above shows a skillion roof, but the design is suited, alternatively, to a pitched roof and would look attractive with twin gables connected by a flat central section over the entrance gallery.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick,

£6350; brick veneer, £6000; timber, £4825; fibro, £4425.

In Victoria: Brick veneer, £5500; timber, £4275; fibro, £4175.

In Queensland: Brick, £6350; timber, £4275; fibro, £4150.

In South Australia: Brick, £5500; asbestos, £4150.

In Canberra: Brick, £6445; timber, £4915; asbestos, £4510.

In Tasmania: Brick, £6225; timber, £4250; asbestos, £4145.

Our centres

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published each week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME-PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 HOME PLANS" and "21 HOME PLANS." Price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of home planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given by our centres.

MAIL ORDERS from readers should give the code number of the design, building material to be used, and services available (sewer, gas, electricity, water).

Addresses of our Home Planning Centres are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

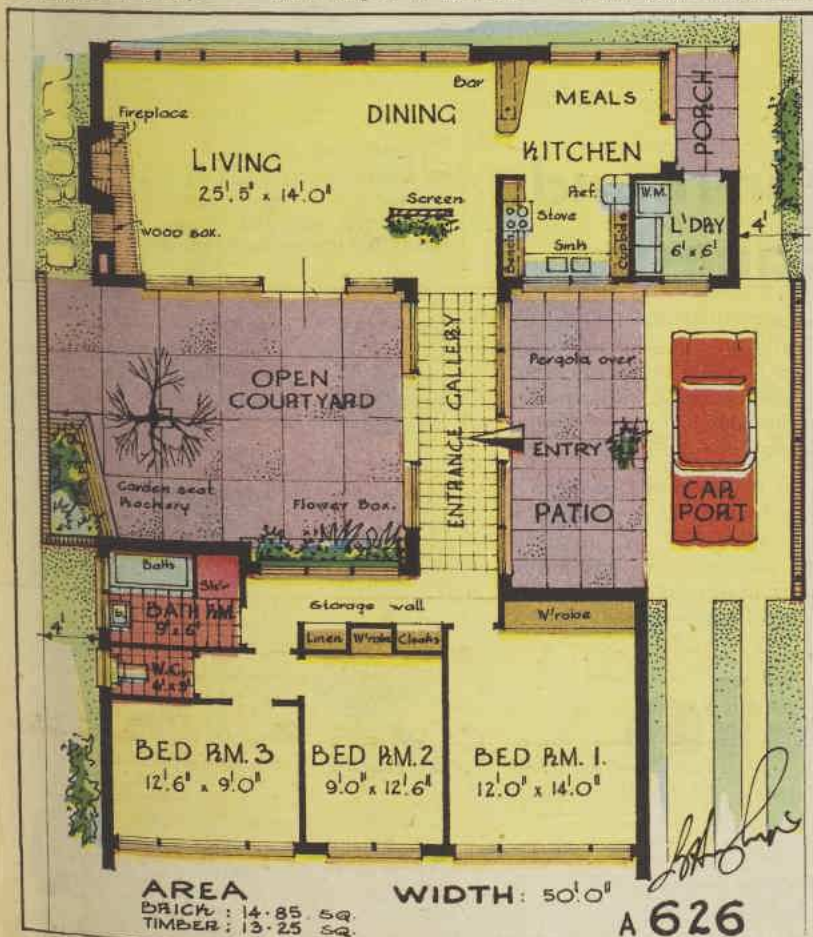
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Piggott's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

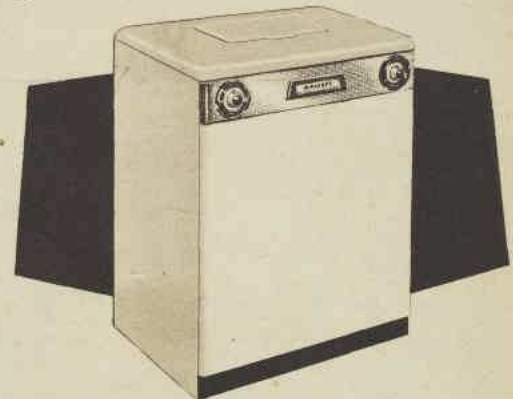
HOBART: FitzGerald's.



OUTSTANDING FEATURE in an interesting layout is the covered entrance gallery leading to both wings. The open courtyard is therefore visible from the front door and gives the visitor a charming introduction to the house.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 12, 1958

no other automatic washing machine has been time-tested in so many Australian homes as MALLEYS Automatic



NO OTHER fully automatic machine has such a proud record of proven service as Malley's Automatic. And no other has more up-to-the-minute features! With Malley's Automatic you just "set the dial, relax and smile." It washes a huge 12 lb. load. Gentle shampoo action gives hand-laundered care. Heats its own water (or can be connected to H.W. Service). Safe top-loading, big double-door basket. Trouble-free, silent, vibrationless (because it's bolted down!). Installed, serviced and guaranteed by Malley's. Australia's best value at 169 GNS. (Slightly higher some areas.)

Malley's Semi-Automatic 140 gns. In white or pink.

Available on easiest terms from leading appliance stores.

82/82W/102.



OUCH! REACH FOR...



Soothe that burn... help heal blisters with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly—the first aid kit in a jar. At all chemists and stores—2/6 and 3/11

'Vaseline' is a Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.



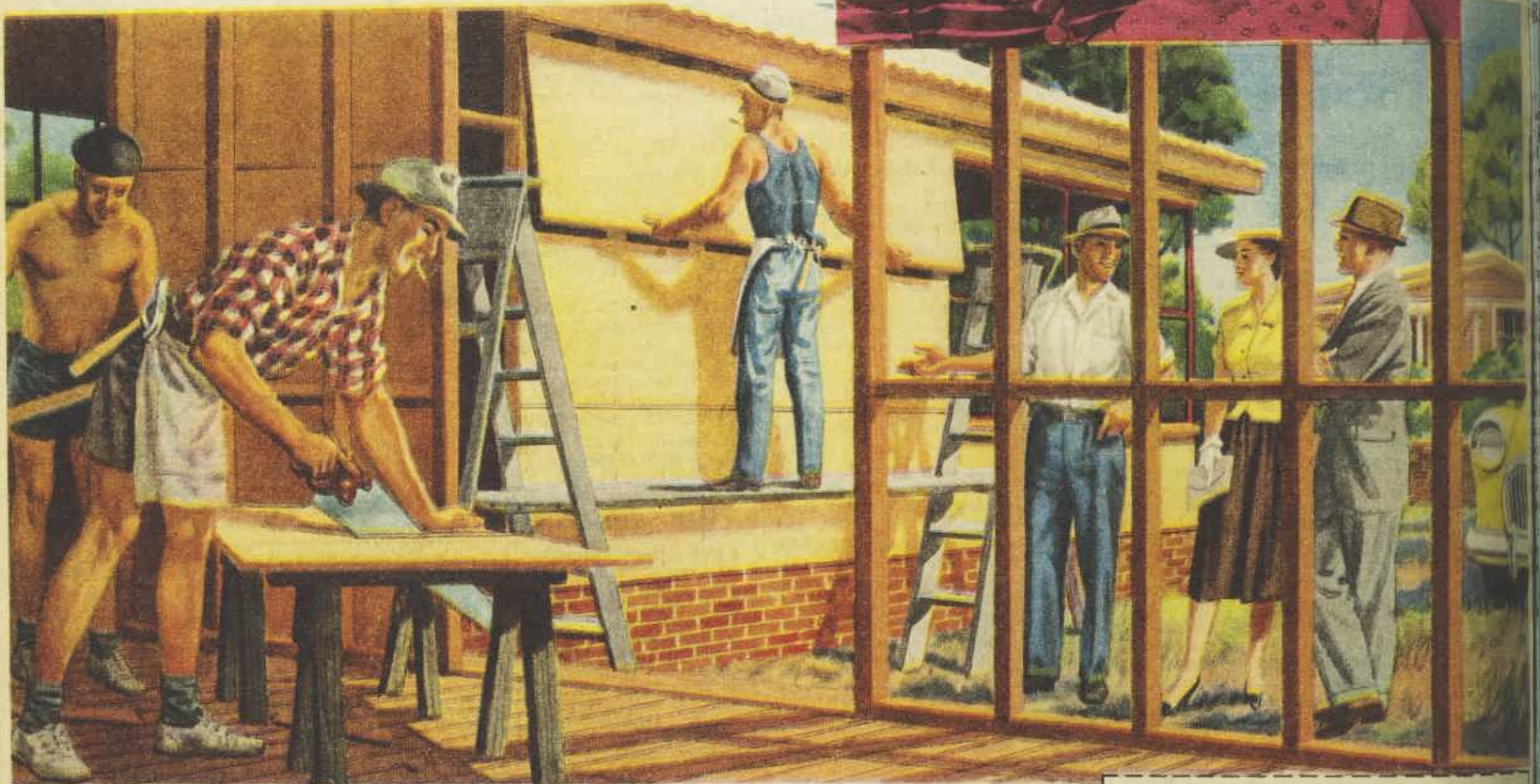
Do you remember **RED FRIDAY?**

Last summer was one of the hottest and driest on record. It gave us a RED Friday, 20th December, when the temperature shot up to 108 degrees in Sydney. Brisbane had its hottest November since 1915. Perth had eleven days over the century.

Whew! Who'd ever want to live through that again!

Even in normal summer heat, when the average temperature outdoors is up around the nineties, your roof is hotter still. It can be a broiling 140-165 degrees. Unshaded walls can cook at 135 degrees. In homes without insulation this heat travels quickly from the outside to the inside. Rooms become ovens.

Insulation keeps out this searing heat of summer. In winter it reverses the process, keeps needed warmth inside.



Every home can afford year-round insulated comfort with **Cane-ite**

How to insulate timber-framed homes against year-round extremes of heat and cold. Use Cane-ite Insulating Board as a sheathing between outside and inside walls as shown above. Or insulate and decorate at the same time by using Cane-ite sheets for the interior walls and ceilings.

£36 to sheathe your home

This is all it costs to buy enough Cane-ite to sheathe a ten-square

house. Small price for such comfort. The $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick Cane-ite insulates against extremes of heat and cold as well as 8" of brick or 12" of concrete.

Cane-ite absorbs noise

Cane-ite acts as a barrier to outside noise and helps keep dust and dirt from seeping through the outside weatherboards or asbestos cement sheets.

Cane-ite Insulating Board is avail-

able in easy-to-handle lengths of 6', 7', 8', 9', 10' and 12' and widths of 3' and 4'. It gives coverage of up to 48 sq. ft. with a single sheet. The wide range of Cane-ite sizes saves time, cuts costs.

Cane-ite is white-ant proofed

For free advice and literature on Cane-ite Insulation or on any building problems you may have, contact your nearest C.S.R. Building Materials Showroom.



Cane-ite

The only building board that insulates as it decorates

Manufactured by The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd., Building Materials Division

Showrooms at: Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

Other products made by Australia's largest supplier of building materials are: Gyprock Plaster Board, Timbrock Hardboard, Timbrock Pegboard, Timbrock Tileboard, Vinylflex Wall & Floor Tiles, Fibrock Asbestos Cement Flat Sheets, Corrugates and Accessories, De Luxe Fibrock, Concord and Brunswick Plasters, Ceilsound Plaster Acoustic Tiles.

Primed Cane-ite

In addition to Standard Cane-ite there is Primed Cane-ite for interior walls and ceilings, ready for immediate painting.



Ivory Cane-ite

Smooth, ivory-coloured surface is especially suitable for ceilings because of its light reflecting qualities.

Cane-ite Acousti-tile

Absorbs 65% of harmful noise. Two sizes, 12" x 12" and 24" x 12". Two new patterns, Diagonal-stripe and Random-pattern, are available in the 12" x 12" tile.



Cane-ite Ceiling Batt

Quick do-it-yourself insulation for existing homes. Just place end-to-end between ceiling joists. No nailing, no gluing. Sufficient Batts for a 10 ft. x 10 ft. room cost about £3.

Cane-ite Lino Base

Smooth, protective cushion beneath the floor covering lengthens the life of carpets and lino; insulates against summer heat and winter cold.



MELT-IN-THE-MOUTH DESSERTS

These three luscious desserts — strawberry layered dessert, choc-peppermint delite, and pineapple cream — will bring lots of compliments to the hostess who serves them.

STRAWBERRY LAYERED DESSERT

One and a half dozen sponge fingers, 1 cup strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water, 1 pkt. strawberry jelly crystals, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 teaspoon rum or vanilla.

Wash and hull strawberries, crush well with a fork. Dissolve jelly crystals in water and when it mixes in the strawberries. Pour in wetted or red 7in. cake-tin to a depth of half an inch. Chill until firm and keep remaining mixture aside. Separate eggs, add sugar to yolks and beat until light and fluffy. Stir in gelatine and pour in the milk, place in pan of hot water over a slow fire and stir mixture until it coats back of wooden spoon. Cool until slightly thickened, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and whipped cream. Add rum or vanilla to flavor. Pour to a depth of half an inch on top of set strawberry jelly, chill and set thickly. Continue with layers of jelly and cream mixture, setting each layer until tin is filled. Chill till firm. Turn on to serving plate and press sponge fingers around sides.

Decorate with a bow of ribbon and serve with whole strawberries and extra whipped cream if desired.

For extra finish, glaze whole strawberries with strained red currant jelly.



By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

PINEAPPLE CREAM TORTE

Four egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon cool melted butter, 1 cup cream, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tin pineapple slices, yellow food coloring, glace cherries.

Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff and frothy, add the sugar gradually, beating well between each addition. Carefully fold in the nuts, sifted flour, and butter. Divide mixture into 3 or 4 portions and spread each portion out smoothly and evenly with a spatula to form an 8-inch circle on a shallow tray which has been greased and lightly dusted with flour. Bake in a slow oven until golden brown. Loosen underneath with a spatula and trim to shape if necessary. Cool on racks. Beat cream until thick over a bowl of ice, add icing sugar and lemon juice. Fold in two of the slices of pineapple, which have been finely chopped. Sandwich torte layers

together with this mixture and decorate with pineapple slices and cherries.

If desired add extra color to the pineapple slices by coloring the syrup with a few drops of food coloring about five minutes before removing slices and draining.

Vary the flavors of this crunchy dessert by using preserved peaches or apricots, frozen raspberries, or fresh fruit salad in place of the pineapple slices.

Alternate filling: Combine 4oz. grated chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup black coffee in top of double boiler and heat to melt chocolate. Add 4 egg-yolks, beat in well, and cool. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs and flavor to taste with rum, sherry, or brandy. Chill well before using.

(Each of these recipes is sufficient to serve at least eight portions. All spoon measurements are level.)



CHOC-PEPPERMINT DELITE

One 8-inch chocolate sponge cooked in a recess tin, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 drops peppermint essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, green food coloring, 1 pint vanilla ice-cream (bought or home-made), chocolate peppermint buttons, whipped cream.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water in a large heatproof bowl, add peppermint essence. Chop ice-cream into pieces, add to gelatine and stir over hot water until dissolved. Cool until thickened, whisk a few minutes and add food coloring to desired shade. Turn into wetted mould and chill until very firm in refrigerator. Unmould into recess of chocolate sponge.

Partially dissolve half the chocolate peppermint buttons and use as a sauce over the mould. Decorate with remaining buttons and rosettes of whipped cream.

Chocolate Sponge: Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter,

2oz. cooking chocolate, 1 tablespoon hot water.

Separate eggs, beat whites until stiff, gradually add sugar. Add egg-yolks and beat until mixture becomes very thick and holds its shape. Carefully fold in the sifted flour, then the melted butter and chocolate, which has been grated and melted in the hot water. Pour into a lined and greased 8-inch recess tin and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes. Turn out carefully, remove paper and cool.

Vanilla Ice-cream: Half pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon water, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.

Warm milk, add junket tablet, which has been crushed and dissolved in water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Flavor with vanilla. Stand in a warm place until set. Beat in cream, pour into refrigerator tray, and chill for 1 hour. Remove, beat 3 or 4 minutes, return to trays and continue freezing until firm.



Snap out of SUMMER SAG



with

ICED MILO



So simple
to prepare

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. If you like extra-frosty, iced Milo, add an ice cube or (treat yourself!) a scoop of Ideal Ice Cream just before serving. And Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal One-whip Ice Cream.

Summer means more washing, more ironing . . . lots of other jobs that drain energy, leave you feeling listless and "saggy." To get through the day's routine with energy to spare to ENJOY summer, try delicious, chocolate-flavoured, icy-cold Milo.

Iced Milo gives you instant "lift" as you sip it through a straw . . . mmm . . . delicious. Regular iced Milo overcomes frayed nerves, irritability, that "saggy" feeling. That's because Milo is a health drink containing essential minerals, calcium-rich milk and malted cereals fortified with the important Vitamins A, B₁ and D. Get the regular iced Milo habit . . . see the difference it makes.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

TUNE IN EVERY WEEK TO **NESTLÉ'S BUNKHOUSE SHOW**

Velvety gloxinias



VASE OF COLORFUL GLOXINIAS, showing at least six different combinations of the hundred or more varieties known to horticulturists. The blooms last well after cutting if taken while freshly opened. Place them in water immediately after they are cut.

● The velvety texture and rich tones of gloxinias are prized by all who enjoy flowering potplants in the house, bushhouse, or glasshouse during summer and the early part of autumn.

GARDENING



ABOVE: Gloxinias lend themselves very well to interior decoration when in full flower. Here are shown several bright varieties on a set of ornamental metal shelves.



HYBRID GLOXINIAS: This is one of the most attractive types, showing nearly a dozen white blooms liberally spotted with red. There are many others, showing violet and blue markings of equal beauty and form.



DECORATIVE TYPE of gloxinia showing contrasting margins of bright red on white ground. Many beautiful fimbriated (crinkled) varieties are also obtainable in a wide color range with vivid margins.

ALTHOUGH the gloxinia is often regarded primarily as a glasshouse plant, people experienced in growing house plants succeed with it under favorable indoor conditions, including some humidity and not too sudden changes of temperature.

Gloxinias will succeed with less sunlight than many other house plants. They can be planted now in pots filled with a mixture of light, loamy soil bolstered up with coarse leaf-mould or rotted compost and some sand. Aim at making a moisture-retentive mixture.

A wide variety of colors can be obtained, but at this time of the year only corms can be planted. Early autumn is the time for sowing seed. The rounded side of the corm is the bottom, and the flat side is the point from which the leaves and flowering shoots emerge.

When planting the corms, press them into the soil and

firm well all round. Water carefully by standing the pot in a tub or deep tray of water, allowing the moisture to be absorbed through the drainage hole in the pot.

Give the plants full light but shade them against sunlight as the leaves, which are large and fleshy, develop fully.

This plant is very subject to a grey fungus which ruins all prospects of blooms. Thiram (T.M.T.) is an excellent specific for warding off this trouble.

The plants grow very large, often spreading 18 inches or more, so increase the amount of shade daily.

New plants can be propagated from mature leaves merely cutting off the leaves at the base of the stem, allowing them to dry in a cool, shady place for a few hours, strike them in pots filled with sandy loam or vermiculite.

They often develop within a fortnight in vermiculite, which is a finely grained form of mica.

RECIPES TO KEEP IN YOUR FILE

● On this page and overleaf are eight kitchen-tested recipes for your cookery index file. Each of these eight recipes would be an excellent choice for the hostess who has to cater for unexpected guests; they include main dishes, savories, and sweets. The recipes are printed back to back, with the ingredients and method on one side and illustrations on the other. Cut recipes along the dotted line and each one is complete.

PARAGUS WITH MACON SCONES



DEVILLED MEAT BALLS

One tin corned luncheon meat, 2 cups mashed potatoes, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, 2 cups crushed cornflakes or breadcrumbs, parsley, fat or oil.

Saute onion in a little hot oil until soft; drain on absorbent paper. Mince corned luncheon meat finely. Combine with mashed potatoes, onion, chopped parsley, mustard, and tomato sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Add egg and mix well. With floured hands shape into small balls; coat all over in egg-glazing, and toss in crushed cornflakes. Deep fry in hot fat or oil until golden-brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Garnish with parsley. Serve hot with vegetables as desired. Serves 4 to 5 persons.

For variety use rice in place of potatoes and flavor with curry powder instead of mustard.

SOUP 'N' SANDWICHES



LAYERED SALMON CASSEROLE

One large tin cooking salmon, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 tin or 1 lb. peeled tomatoes, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 cups cooked rice.

Remove any bones or dark skin from salmon and mix with tomato paste, salt and cayenne pepper. Chop tomatoes coarsely and place in saucepan with 1 cup tinned tomato juice or water, onion, and lemon juice; heat slowly. Blend flour with a little water and add to tomato mixture, bring to the boil, stirring constantly; simmer 2 minutes. Place a layer of rice in base of greased oven-proof dish, cover with a layer of salmon, then a layer of tomato mixture. Alternate layers until dish is filled. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Garnish with tomato slices, lemon wedges, and parsley, and serve hot. Serves 4 to 5 persons.

CELESTIAL TRIFLE

One layer day-old sponge cake, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 table-spoons sugar, 1 egg, vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ packet raspberry jelly, 1 cup hot water, sliced peaches, whipped cream, cherries and nuts to decorate.

Cut sponge into finger-lengths and spread with jam; sprinkle with sherry. Blend cornflour with milk and sugar and stir until boiling. Add egg-yolk and cook 3 minutes longer without allowing to boil. Fold in vanilla, stiffly beaten egg-whites, and coconut. Pour over cake; chill. Dissolve jelly in hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, pour over chilled custard. When set, arrange sliced peaches attractively on top, decorate with cream, cherries, and nuts.

Vary the flavor of this recipe by using any one of a large variety of flavors in jelly crystals and substituting apricots, pears, or plums for the peaches.

PECHE GATEAU DELIGHT



RASPBERRY-TOPPED MOULDS

One package steamed-pudding mix, 1 small carton raspberry jam. Prepare steamed-pudding batter as directed on package. Thoroughly grease small individual moulds and place a small quantity of raspberry jam in base of each. Fill pudding batter into moulds and steam as directed on package. When cooked, turn out on to serving-dishes and serve with lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce: One pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ table-spoons cornflour or custard powder, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Heat milk and sugar in saucepan, stirring occasionally to dissolve sugar. Blend cornflour with a little extra milk and stir into warmed sugar and milk mixture. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and rind; simmer 3 minutes.

BUFFET RICE SAVORY



Make these delicious dishes with Kellogg's Corn Flakes

Cut cooking time and expense by half — and double the compliments you receive at meal times! Those crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes add flavour and food value to your cooking — save you time, money!



So simple — so good!

Mallow-Flake Tarts

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows, $5\frac{1}{2}$ cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

METHOD: Combine the butter and marshmallows and cook over very low heat until syrupy, beating thoroughly. Place the Corn Flakes in a

basin and pour on the marsh-mallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into greased patty tins or paper containers. Chill till firm, then turn out and fill with ice-cream or with thick custard or whipped cream — and top with fruit.



Chewy, crunchy

Peanut Specials

Whites of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup of peanuts, 4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, $2\frac{2}{3}$ cup coconut, 1 cup sugar, 3 table-spoons butter.

METHOD: Beat egg whites stiffly,

then gradually beat in the sugar and vanilla. Fold in the melted butter with the dry ingredients. Drop spoonfuls on to greased oven trays. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a slow oven.

Quick topping for cake before it goes into oven.

Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each sugar and melted butter with a teaspoon of cinnamon and a big cup of lightly-crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and sprinkle evenly over cake batter. Another time, replace the cinnamon with orange rind or chocolate pieces.

Pie shell in minutes!

No time to make pastry for a pie shell? Measure 4 cups of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, crush them finely and combine with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted butter. Press this mixture evenly round base and sides of pie plate. Bake slowly 10 minutes — or refrigerator.

Always have Kellogg's Corn Flakes handy in your home — for the richest-tasting, most sustaining breakfast in the mornings . . . and to use in delicious recipes like these.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes

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K667

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In between your teeth is where you benefit specially from using Macleans. Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Macleans removes the coating there too, where the brush can't reach.

Macleans lifts clinging coating clean off—even between teeth where the brush can't reach—keeps teeth whiter, SAFER FROM DECAY

DENTISTS TELL you that the first thing to do to keep your teeth healthy is to keep them clean. This is because a coating forms on your teeth, day and night. A coating that not only makes your teeth dingy, but harbours decay germs.

Of course with ordinary toothpastes you can scrub most of this coating off—where the brush

can reach. But Macleans works in a different way. Its special ingredients lift the harmful coating clean off the teeth; clean them whiter than ever before.

If your teeth are white and clean they are free from coating. So they must be safer from decay. Make the tongue test yourself and prove that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

Did you Maclean your teeth today?

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When you're not around, keep baby within sight of, but not within reach of, your dog. In that way they'll become familiar with each other without doing each other harm. When baby's crawling, you'll be protecting the dog from HIM instead of the other way round! To a toddler, puppy's tail is made for pulling! **MOTHER'S LAP IS NOT A SAFE PLACE** to sit baby during car rides! A sudden stop can bump his head against the dashboard.

A strapped car seat or a basket is much better.

YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING by your baby every time you serve him a protein-packed meal of Heinz Strained or Junior Foods. A baby needs protein to build new tissues and Heinz offer many delicious meat meals of highest protein content. Tenderest, top-quality meats only are used by Heinz to give the greatest nourishment to your very precious baby.

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More delicious recipes in our file series



CELESTIAL TRIFLE

PECHE GATEAU DELIGHT

One packet cake mix, 1 packet lime-flavored flummery, 1 packet orange-flavored jelly crystals, 1 tin peach slices, cherries and whipped cream to decorate.

Prepare cake mix as directed on packet and pour into 8in. greased recess-tin. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Remove, turn out and allow to cool. Dissolve jelly crystals in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water. Set a thin layer of jelly on base of a wetted 7in. sandwich-tin. When firm, arrange drained peach slices and cherries to form a pattern. Add a little more jelly and when firm add remainder; chill. Prepare flummery as directed on packet and pour into a wetted 7in. sandwich-tin; chill.

To assemble sweet: Place cake on serving-dish, unmould flummery and place in recess of cake. Unmould jelly and place on top of flummery. Decorate with cream and cherries. Serves 8 to 10 persons.

RASPBERRY-TOPPED MOULDS



BUFFET RICE SAVORY

Two cups uncooked rice, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 cup chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 4 cups stock or 4 cups water and 1 tablespoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tinned luncheon or other cooked meat, parsley to garnish.

Heat oil in large pan; add shallots and celery. Sauté 5 minutes, add rice and cook, stirring constantly, until golden-brown. Add stock, Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, and seasonings. Cover and simmer, stirring occasionally, until stock is absorbed and rice is tender, adding extra stock if required. Chop luncheon meat into cubes and add to rice mixture. Cook further 10 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

This recipe is ideal served at buffet-style parties with hot garlic bread or cheese-topped toast slices.

Below are the four other recipes that complete this week's series featuring dishes that are fine to serve on unexpected occasions, and are planned to fit your kitchen index file. Readers who do not own a file already can order a ready-made one measuring approximately 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office. The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

ASPARAGUS WITH BACON SCONES

Asparagus Mornay: One tin asparagus spears, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint asparagus liquid, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each grated cheese and breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Arrange drained asparagus in base of shallow greased dish. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and seasonings; cook 1 minute. Add asparagus liquid and milk, bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Mix in half the cheese. Pour over asparagus and top with remaining cheese and breadcrumbs. Dot with extra butter, brown under grill. Serves 4 persons.

Bacon Scones: One packet scone mix, 3 rashers bacon, milk glazing, salt, cayenne pepper.

Chop bacon and sauté until crisp; drain. Flavor scone mix with extra seasonings and prepare as directed, adding bacon. Knead lightly on floured board, cut into rounds, glaze. Bake in a hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

DEVILLED MEAT BALLS



SOUP 'N' SANDWICHES

Creme Pea Soup: One tin condensed pea soup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 cup vegetable stock or water.

Combine soup, evaporated milk, and stock in large saucepan; heat slowly. When hot, ladle into large mugs. Serves 5 to 6 persons.

Toasted Sandwiches: Remove crusts from bread, butter all on one side only. Spread filling on unbuttered side and top with another slice so that both buttered sides of bread are on the outside. Toast under grill or on sandwich toaster until golden-brown.

Filling: Sardines mashed and seasoned with lemon juice or vinegar.

Lightly cooked slices of bacon on bread which has been spread with peanut butter.

Scrambled eggs flavored with finely chopped chives. Flaked tinned tuna in a thick white sauce flavored with lemon juice.

LAYERED SALMON CASSEROLE



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RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● A recipe for an unusual dish, almond and sweetbread patties, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

TO vary this prizewinning recipe, spoon the filling into small, boat-shaped pastry-cases and garnish with triangles of processed cheese to represent sails. Brains and walnut pieces also could be substituted for the sweetbreads and almonds.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for peach and banana meringue, a simple, delicious sweet. Spoon measurements are level.

ALMOND AND SWEETBREAD PATTIES

Half pound sweetbreads, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, salt, pepper, 4 tablespoons chopped blanched almonds, 1 cup tinned mushrooms (or use fresh mushrooms which have been chopped and sautéed in a little extra butter), 4 tablespoons sherry, 2 dozen baked pastry-cases, shredded toasted almonds.

Wash sweetbreads thoroughly, soak in cold salted water 1 hour. Drain; place in saucepan of cold water, bring to the boil; drain. Cover with fresh water, bring to the boil again and simmer until

tender. Drain well. Meanwhile, melt shortening, add flour, stir until well mixed. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fold in chopped sweetbreads, almonds, mushrooms, and sherry, replace over fire until reheated. Fill into pastry-cases, stick with shredded almonds to decorate.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Butler, 11 Whelan Crescent, West Hobart.

PEACH AND BANANA MERINGUE

Meringue: Three egg-whites, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, pinch salt.

Banana Mixture: Four bananas, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 cup crushed breakfast cereal, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tin sliced peaches.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar and when quite dissolved add vinegar. Pile into

SERVE these tasty almond and sweetbread patties at your next party or for a special-occasion meal. They have an unusual flavor and are easily varied according to taste. See recipe this page.

large rounds (size of top of serving-dishes) on an oven slide which has been covered with greased paper. Bake in a slow oven until set (approximately 35 minutes). Loosen on slide and allow to cool.

Mash bananas, mix with golden syrup, crushed cereal, and cinnamon, and fill into ovenproof dish. Bake until mixture thickens and is of a soft toffee consistency. Place a layer of drained peaches in individual serving-dishes, spoon over banana mixture and cover with a meringue round. Serve warm with whipped cream if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Carr, 10 Castlebar Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

A CRUSTY topping flavored with mustard adds piquance to this week's family dish, which costs 7/9 and serves five.

CRUSTY BEEF CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds topside or round steak, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 large onion, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 pint stock or water, 2 or 3 thick slices bread, margarine, mixed mustard.

Trim steak, cut into 1½ in. squares, coat with flour, salt, and pepper. Brown in hot fat, add sliced onion; brown lightly. Stir in balance of flour, then stock or water, and Worcestershire sauce. Add sliced carrot and parsnip, place in large casserole, cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ hours, until meat is tender. Remove crusts from bread slices, spread generously with margarine, then mixed mustard. Cut into quarters and arrange on top of casserole. Press down slightly so the bread absorbs gravy a little. Return to oven for further 20 to 25 minutes.



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So she was a widow, was she? A beautiful blond widow. For a moment, Josie wasn't sure if she approved of this charming if absent-minded man being a prey to designing widows.

"Come into my study," invited Professor James.

It was just the sort of room Josie was used to—book-lined walls, book-strewn desk, papers everywhere. When the professor apologised for its untidiness, she shook her head.

"It isn't untidy, it's cosy. Father's is just the same."

"There speaks the true scholar's daughter." He disappeared behind a screen, where lurked a gas-ring. "Does your boyfriend teach at the University, too?"

The question took Josie un-awares.

"How d'you know I've got a boy-friend?"

"The party dress. You don't make a dress like that to please your grandfather." A delicious aroma arose from behind the screen. "Tell me about him."

"Well, he—he doesn't teach." Try as she would, Josie couldn't help sounding on the defensive. "But that's not a crime, even in a University town. Just because your father's an historian, you don't have to marry one."

"Of course you don't," soothed Edward.

Although she was grateful for the support, somehow Josie felt he needn't have agreed quite so readily. "I mean, I like historians. Very much. But I love Ronald—"

"And what does Ronald do?" asked Edward, emerging from behind the screen with two steaming cups.

"He's in his father's business." Professor James might be absent-minded, but he could certainly make coffee. "Furniture. They've got a big factory on the edge of the town. It may not be high-minded to make furniture, but people do have to sit down and eat

their meals off something and put their clothes away and sleep—"

"Of course." Edward was still soothing. "And if he loves you and can support you, there doesn't seem much to grumble at. What are his people like?"

"I haven't seen them." Josie swallowed. "I'm going to, on Saturday. That's what I made the red dress for. It's his sister's twenty-first birthday party. All his family will be there. He thought it would be better if they all had a look at me at once—"

"Had a look at you? You're not on approval, are you?" queried Edward sharply.

Josie blushed. Of course she wasn't. At least . . . She couldn't help knowing that Ronald had high standards. A top businessman's wife had to be something pretty special—smart, elegant, practical, self-effacing, able to talk to anyone from an oil king to an office boy with equal confidence.

"And suppose you don't like them?" Edward demanded.

"Oh, but I shall!" Her blue eyes opened wide. "I'm bound to. After all," her face took on a tender, dreamy glow, "they're Ronald's . . ."

And, of course, she did. She kept on telling herself how much she liked them, all through the party.

Mr. Mills, Ronald's father, might have rather a hard look, and Mrs. Mills might wear the expression of someone who is perpetually straining after something which is just out of reach—but they were sure to be nice underneath.

His sister might seem bored, and all the other relatives a little scared, as if the streamlined elegance of the Mills' home were too much for them. But they were nice.

At about midnight she found herself alone in the garden with Ronald.

"Darling, the family think you're the tops. Dad says

Continuing . . .

The Scarlet Umbrella

from page 19

when you know the ropes you'll have all our business associates eating out of your hand, and Ma's dead keen to help you with your clothes."

"My clothes?"

Josie stared up at him. As a rule, she knew, she was only too ready to drift about in a comfortable old sweater and skirt, but tonight—in the cherry-red dress she had slaved over—she had really felt glamorous. But now—

"Doesn't your mother like my dress, Ronald?"

Something in her voice shook Ronald out of his complacency. "Yes, pet, of course she likes it." His own voice was uncomfortable. "But it's—well, it's home-made, isn't it? And jolly clever, too—I'd like to see old Laura turn out something like that!"

Laura was his sister. "But it wouldn't do for a director's wife. And you are going to be a director's wife, aren't you?"

His voice softened, and then he was kissing her. He had kissed her before, but not like this. These were hard, fierce, possessive kisses; the sort, Josie thought dazedly, that you gave to the girl who belonged to you. And she did belong to Ronald.

She heard herself saying, as soon as she got the chance, "Darling Ronald, of course I'll marry you," and the next moment he was leading her in triumph back to his family. "Listen, everyone, Josie and I are engaged."

As they crowded round her, Josie told herself it was silly to feel frightened. They were nice people.

"Of course, we'll have to ask father's permission. I'm under twenty-one—"

"But your father won't refuse, surely?"

It obviously struck them as incredible that there should be anyone in existence who would not welcome Ronald as a son-in-law with open arms. And, of course, most people would. It was only her father, wrapped up to the eyes and ears in the world of scholarship, who thought a smart young businessman unsuitable for his one ewe lamb.

"It's only a question of Ronald asking him."

So Ronald came the very next evening. He was a fraction less sure of himself than usual, and put on a tremendous air of nonchalance to cover it.

Three days later she saw Professor Edward James outside a bookshop.

He was so lost in the battered volume he was studying that she had to say "Hello!" four times before he heard. Then he swung round, his whole face lighting up.

"Hello!" He put the book down as if it didn't matter any more. "I've been wondering about you. Did you have a nice time at your party?"

"Lovely, thank you," Josie was touched at his remembering. He was a nice man. "As a matter of fact, I got engaged at it."

"Did you?" Some of the light died out of his face. "To the young man your father doesn't approve of?"

"He approves more, now." Josie spoke with a conviction she did not entirely feel. Her father had given his consent, but without enthusiasm. "And he says we can get married in the autumn. Will you come to my wedding?"

She spoke on the spur of the moment. Edward James frowned.

"I may not be here. There's a possibility I might go out to America on a lecture tour—"

"Oh," said Josie.

Somehow the idea of Professor James going to America did not appeal to her. In fact, she definitely disliked it. It was absurd, of course, because she wasn't likely to see much of him after she was married. He and Ronald weren't each other's type.

"Do you have to go?" she asked.

He was looking at her rather oddly. "Well, I'd like to travel. I've no ties and nobody would miss me." He paused. Then, when Josie didn't say anything, he went on, a shade defiantly. "And I've always thought America would be a nice spot for a honeymoon—"

"A honeymoon?" echoed Josie.

She stared at him. "Are you thinking of getting married, then?"

"Why not?" His voice was definitely defiant now. "Other people do. It's quite customary. Have you any objection?"

"Of—of course not." Under his suddenly hard and angry gaze, Josie felt utterly crushed and small. He thought she was being impertinent. And so she was.

Of course, she knew whom he was thinking of. His landlady. That blond, designing widow, Mrs. Weston.

Josie's wedding was fixed for the middle of September.

"An autumn wedding," said Ronald's mother with relish, advocating ten bridesmaids in scarlet and gold and a crinoline dress like a film star's for Josie. But Josie was firm. "Four bridesmaids—no more—in white nylon, and a white lace dress for me that I can make at home."

Mrs. Mills might rule her

clothes when Ronald paid for them, but Josie wasn't sending her father to the workhouse. And an all-white wedding was what she wanted. Especially as the bridesmaids had different colorings. You wouldn't have a blonde in blue, a brunette in yellow, a red-head in green, and a brownette in cherry-red.

No. She pulled herself up sharply. She must not quote Professor Edward James. He had gone out of her life, for good; not that he had ever been in it, really.

But they never met now. And he was going to America in September. Her father had confirmed that. The university authorities had given him three months' leave because they "considered the experience would be stimulating." Extra stimulating with the blonde, thought Josie, smiling.

She tried to bury herself in thoughts of Ronald. But Ronald, these days, seemed curiously unreal. Even when he kissed her, she sometimes felt as if he weren't there. Or as if she weren't. As to the life they were going to share in the smart new flat in the smart new part of the town—well, she just couldn't believe in it at all.

They were in the flat one day, superintending the hanging of some elegant, shop-made curtains—Josie hadn't been allowed to put a stitch in anything—when it began to rain.

"Heck!" Ronald glowered out of the window. "Why didn't you let me bring the car?"

"I'm sorry," Josie seemed to do a lot of apologising these days. "You've got your umbrella." Ronald always carried a carefully rolled umbrella to go with his beautifully tailored suit and natty bowler hat.

To page 53



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He didn't need much persuading that his suit's need was greater than her coat's. "After all, you're going to have a lot of new clothes soon, aren't you?" His good temper restored, they walked towards her home, the rain falling steadily on to Josie.

"Aren't you getting rather wet?" suddenly asked a familiar voice.

Josie swung round, unable to prevent the swift leap of her heart from flooding her cheeks with crimson. "Professor James! I didn't see—"

He thrust Mrs. Weston's scarlet umbrella, under which he had been sheltering, into her hand. "No, don't argue—my jacket's much thicker than your coat."

He looked at Ronald as if he were something that had crawled out from under a lettuce leaf. "If I were you, I'd hold the umbrella over her in future. It makes a better impression."

Then he was gone, before either Josie or Ronald could say anything. For a moment Ronald continued to say nothing, then he ground out, "Of all the nerve—Who is he?"

"Professor Edward James, M.A., B.Litt., Tutor in Ancient History at the University," Josie said with pride.

"I might have known," Ronald's voice creaked with scorn. "The kind of drip that carries a scarlet umbrella—"

"He's not a drip!" Josie was startled at her own anger. "He's a very charming man. And it's not his umbrella. It's his landlady's—"

"Landlady's or not, only a drip would be seen dead carrying a scarlet umbrella," retorted Ronald.

Josie found she couldn't speak for rage. Presently Ronald remarked sourly, "Well, that's one of your friends we're not going to see anything of when we're married—"

"We're not going to be married," said Josie.

As soon as the astounding words were out of her mouth, she knew they were true. They both stopped dead.

"What did you say?" demanded Ronald.

"I said, we're not going to be married. It's no good, Ronald. We're the wrong people for each other. I've known it for ages, deep down, but I wouldn't face up to it. We haven't a thing, really, in common—"

"Because I'm not a drip, I suppose," said Ronald.

His voice was bitter. Suddenly Josie felt sorry for him. Because it wasn't just that. It was his character. He was spoilt and egotistical and unloving. He had too much money and—like his father—thought of very little else but making more. She had been blinded by his looks and his masterful ways.

"I'm sorry," said Josie quietly.

"Oh, I'm sure you are." His fingers closed fiercely round the ring she held out to him. "Make a fool of me in front of the whole town any time. But don't come crawling back to say you've changed your mind."

I'll have to take the umbrella back, Josie thought.

She wanted to and yet she didn't. She wanted to see Professor James again, terribly; but there was the designing blonde—

No blonde answered the door, anyway. A pleasant, dark girl of about Josie's own age said she thought Professor James was in.

He was in. He sprang up at her entrance, knocking a chair over; his hair was wilder and shaggier than ever and he looked as if he hadn't slept.

"I—I've brought your umbrella back—"

"You needn't have bothered."

Continuing

The Scarlet Umbrella

from page 52

He took it from her roughly, almost snatching it out of her hand. "I didn't need it in the least."

"It was very kind of you to shelter me yesterday—"

"No, it wasn't." He looked at her as if he would like to throw her out of the room, bodily. "I'd have done as much for anyone."

There didn't seem any answer to that, and only a fool with no pride at all could have gone on staying there, but still Josie couldn't tear herself away. She heard herself murmuring desperately: "How—how soon are you and Mrs. Weston getting married?"

"Mrs. Weston?" almost shouted Edward James. "Who in the name of patience told

you I was going to marry Mrs. Weston?"

"N—no one." Josie trembled before his thunderous frown. "But I thought . . . you said she was so beautiful . . . and America would be so nice for a honeymoon . . ."

"Mrs. Weston," said Edward James in the careful voice of one addressing a retarded child, "is between forty-five and fifty. That girl who let you in is her daughter. She is certainly beautiful—a beautiful, natural blonde—but if you think I want to marry a woman fifteen years and more older than I am—"

Her lips were trembling

childishly. She couldn't bear it when he was angry with her.

She turned away, unable to help sniffing a little, and he said harshly, "For Pete's sake, don't start crying! You've got nothing to cry about. You're going to be married in a few weeks—"

"No, I'm not," said Josie.

There was a silence—that had the quality of a thunder-clap. "What?" said Edward at last.

"I broke it off yesterday," Josie caught back a sob. "I really ought to have ages ago. We—we're all wrong for each other. But those sort of things take time to find out . . ."

She moved towards the door. "Are you unhappy, Josie?"

"N—no." A sob belied the words. "N—not about R—Ronald—"

"What, then?"

"You—you're cross with me"

She began to cry, heart-brokenly. In two strides Edward was beside her.

"I'm not. Truly I'm not. It's just—I'm so much in love with you I can't see straight—"

"With me?" echoed Josie incredulously.

"With you," said Edward, and kissed her.

The kiss was the most sweet and warm and lovely thing Josie had ever known. When it was over, Edward asked tenderly, "Believe it now?"

She nodded dumbly.

"Darling," His face was alight with love. "Little darling. I loved you the minute I first saw you. Will you marry me and come to America with me? Then we'll come back here and settle down and make a home. And I'll take care of you always. Shelter you from everything. Not just the rain. Everything."

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the home atmosphere seems more conducive to pleasant dining."

"Then would you let me cook a dinner for you?" "Tomorrow evening?" he said.

She whirled of excitement in such a whirl of home in the spun right past her own door and rattled loudly on Toby's "I met Ray Harbison!" she carolled. "The physicist!"

Toby refrained from any comment on this. In fact he turned round and stalked off into the sitting-room, but Sally ran after him, reporting. "He has silver at the temples and the most brooding, thoughtful eyes!"

Toby lit a cigarette and deliberately turned his back.

"And the most superior intellect of any man I've ever known! He's coming for dinner tomorrow! I'll give him steak and brussels with chestnuts." This last seemed an inspired first-class sort of touch. "And Bavarian cream. Oh, and salted almonds, and

"Oh, shut up," Toby said, so the went downstairs to her own flat and made the Bavarian cream.

She never remembered being as nervous as she was the next evening. The truth was that never having been alone with genius before, she didn't know how she would measure up. She bought yellow roses for the table, wore her new blue print, and used the silver and cut-glass she had previously filched from her mother's stocks. When Ray Harbison arrived, looking aloof, intellectual, and somehow nobly dedicated, she felt further unstrung. He accepted a cocktail and dinner with appetite but with no apparent compulsion towards conversation.

Sally still thought the method she had used to get to know people in her childhood was the best. "How old are you?" "What's your middle name?" "Have you any brothers and sisters?" While she knew society frowned on this approach, she wanted so intensely to know something about him that she asked a few questions. He answered politely, but she felt that he had mentally labelled her an idiot.

So she tried again. Leaning across the table she said in a voice that throbbed a little with sincerity, "I think your work is so vital, Mr. Harbison!"

"I try to make it so," He spoke quietly, with complete modesty, and she had never felt so unworthy in her life.

"I don't know anything about physics, but I'd love to!" she declared with fervor.

"Have you a sound knowledge of higher mathematics?" Apparently Ray Harbison's mental prowess enabled him to read facial expressions, because he added with finality, "Then I'm afraid it's impossible."

It wasn't until they were sitting on the sofa having coffee that he turned to her and inquired, "And what are your interests?"

"I'm a textile designer." For a moment she had the ignoble hope that he didn't even know what a textile designer was.

"Dress materials? Upholstery, curtains?"

"Curtains mostly." He sent a glance at her curtains and she nodded in the affirmative. His searching eyes, accustomed to the reaches of infinity, considered her handiwork. "A curious use of color," he said coolly at last, and Sally blushed with shame.

"And what do you plan to do with your life?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, get married!" she cried before she could stop herself.

At that moment there was a resounding thump on the ceiling overhead, followed by a series of whacking thuds. Sally couldn't imagine what

Continuing . . . Sally's Search

from page 25

of flowers at her feet. "And now, you see before you — Don Carroll, reporter and writer of features for one of our most respected daily newspapers. It may as well be stated now as later that I have talent."

"You have talent for making a girl feel irresistible!"

"You bewitch me," he said intensely. "Let's get out of here."

They landed at her flat, although she didn't have anything in the larder except cold lamb and lettuce. They made sandwiches and Don informed her that she was the only girl in the world who looked seductive in an apron.

He admired her flat and when she mentioned that she had designed the curtains, he studied them with interest. "They subtly knock your eyes out," he decided, which was very discerning of him, because it was exactly what Sally had intended.

In short order he discovered that she had talent, humor, and a lovely nature. Sally was enchanted. And — she couldn't help it — she ran upstairs and told Toby to come down and listen.

"Another admirer," Don assumed, unperturbed, and added, "A toast. To the sweetest, sunniest, most gifted and alluring charmer I have ever met."

As the evening wore on Don continued to find new virtues in her. He said that she had wit and perception and charm. He said that she had breeding. He said that he could find no flaw in her, that she was perfect. "And," he proceeded, "I save this until last because it is the greatest accolade of all — I see that you have character."

"I don't know when I've spent a more irritating evening," Toby said.

Don took her hand. "About me," he said. "That I have talent is generally recognised; however, I'm unstable. I'm inclined to be lazy and self-indulgent."

"This is a little better," Toby said.

"What I need is someone like you, with character enough to keep me in line and charm enough not to irritate me while doing it."

Sally had always dreamed of being indispensable to her ideal man. What if she could be the woman behind this charming man of talent?

As he was preparing to leave he invited her to go to a show with him two evenings from then. "When we say goodnight on that occasion, we will be alone," he pointed out. "And I say that," he nodded pleasantly at Toby, "in a spirit of pure spite."

For two days Sally walked round in a semi-trance, feeling perfect and desirable and so conscious of herself before. She kept peering into mirrors and listening to the sound of her voice. She forced herself to be gracious, no matter what the circumstances, and tried not to say anything that wasn't witty and perceptive.

By the day of the theatre her nerves were badly strained and a cold was developing in her head. She started to hurry home and got caught up in traffic. She stumbled on the stairs and tore her stockings. She threw herself in at the front door and smashed her favorite vase. She burst into tears.

When she looked into the mirror, her morale quivered and died. This was no flower dancing in the sun! Her cheeks were white, her nose was reddish and dark circles ringed her eyes. She couldn't have said a pleasant word for a million pounds. And as for perception and wit and charm —! If Don were to see her

now it would be farewell to her reputation as a perfect girl.

Toby appeared and very generously wished her a pleasant evening.

"I — er — may not go," she said. "I have a cold."

"The show'll do you good." "Oh, I look awful! That is — er —"

He stared at her for a minute, then burst out laughing. "You're afraid to go!" he roared. "You're afraid you'll spoil his picture of a perfect girl! Oh, excuse me, but this is very funny!"

Sally pushed him out of the door and picked up the telephone. "I shall send you a dozen long-stemmed roses," Don said. She never heard from him again.

For several days after that she felt so miserable that she stayed home from work. Toby played gin rummy with her and proposed twice a day instead of once, because he said it would take her mind off her

A man may sometimes be forgiven the kiss to which he is not entitled, but never the kiss he has not the initiative to claim.

— Jacob M. Braude

troubles. It was all she could do to keep from saying yes. But she couldn't be untrue to her vision of an ideal man, even if it broke her heart.

Then suddenly she was cheerful again and went off to call on a friend of her mother. And whom did she meet but Alton James. From the first second she set eyes on him she suspected he might be the one — he was so handsome and touchingly unconscious of it. His hair was black, his eyes were blue, and his features were strong and balanced.

He came from a long line of bankers, so it wasn't surprising that he was a trifle set and conservative in his ways.

"Oh, I've found a gentleman!" she gloated giddily to Toby. "An honest-to-goodness gentleman!" Toby looked a little worried. Offhand he couldn't think of anything the matter with a gentleman.

Alton was serious about her at once. He started taking her to dinner on Wednesdays, tea and dancing on Saturdays, and to a concert on Sundays. Sally knew that on his honor and ethics she could stake her life. Since she had always thought of her ideal man as having a sense of honor like this, it fitted in nicely.

She had known him at least three weeks before he would consent to come to her flat to dinner. In his code a man took the initiative. No sooner had he walked into her sitting-room than she became acutely conscious of the modern decor.

"I know it's sort of contemporary," she said with a little laugh, "but — well, I'm contemporary, too." Alton smiled politely, but she knew he was thinking she was too nice a girl to have made a mistake like this.

She had known all along that some time during the evening Toby would try to break in, because he was terribly curious about Alton, so after dinner, when the bell rang, she knew it was him.

"Good evening," Sally said in a charming tone and tried to push the door shut, but he had already slipped his foot in the crack. Since she couldn't stage a scuffle she had to let him in.

He established himself comfortably on the sofa and almost

at once the discussion turned to economics. In spite of himself, she saw, he couldn't help liking Alton, so the talk was very agreeable. Before long she began to feel so happy and relaxed that she burst out naturally, "But do we really need economics?"

"What's that?" Toby asked with sudden interest.

"I said 'Do we really need economics?'" While she knew trained minds would pick some fallacy in this, it was an honest opinion she was minded to express. "If all the money in the world were to disappear today the corn would still grow, babies would be born, Economics is just a lot of silly, superficial —"

"You don't really believe that?" Alton asked.

"Of course she does," Toby said happily. "That's the way her mind works."

Seeing Alton's stunned expression, she jumped up and quickly said, "Suppose I put on a record!"

"Play Ravel," suggested Toby. "He has a lot of bounce."

"Alton likes Beethoven," she explained.

"Well, you're mad on Ravel." Sally went over to the sofa and breathed in an undertone. "Don't try to upset me!"

Alton put on a Beethoven record and came back and sat down. "Music stopped with Beethoven," he said with a nice smile. It wasn't a statement of opinion, it was a statement of fact.

Toby whistled crudely through his teeth. "Are you going to let that go unchallenged?"

"Why, Sally agrees, don't you?" One of Alton's eyebrows rose a little.

"I simply adore Beethoven," she parried fatuously.

Then followed a silence during which she saw by Toby's expression that he was searching for the most uncooperative thing he could say and confidently expecting to find it. "I dropped in on the Modigliani exhibition yesterday," he said to Alton, at last. "Have you seen it?"

Alton smiled his nice smile again. "I'm afraid there hasn't been a painter since Rembrandt."

"Oh, but Van Gogh —!" Sally exclaimed before she could stop herself.

"It isn't art, Sally."

"Why don't you show him your painting?" Toby suggested.

"Do you paint?"

"Oh, no!" Thinking of the picture on which she had lavished such love, Sally felt as if she had dropped her baby on its head.

"She does very well," Toby said smugly. "Uses a lot of orange. It's right here in the cupboard —"

"Sit down!" Sally muttered.

TOBY sat back on the sofa and said in a philosophical tone, "I'm surprised you two get on so well, you're so different. She's impulsive, dizzy, blows her top —" "I've never seen her blow her top," Alton suddenly looked concerned.

"It's wonderful! Here, I'll show you —"

"Now don't try to start anything!" Sally warned.

"She's beginning already," Toby pointed out with glee.

"We were having a pleasant evening! What right have you —!"

"Now she's getting worked up," he explained.

"All right!" Sally leaped up. "I don't have to sit helplessly by while you sabotage my life! You're the most reprehensible person I've ever known in all my experience!"

"Any minute now she'll start throwing things," Toby murmured in an aside.

"Oooh!" Occasionally when he was intolerable she did throw something at him. It was a little game that amused him and relieved her — and if ever he had been intolerable! She snatched up a book and hurled it at him, but it bounced off the cushion he was using as a shield. She tossed another with the same result.

Toby was doubled over with laughter and she wanted to laugh, too. But then she saw Alton's face. It was shocked, and embarrassed, and dismayed. It was overwhelmed with shame for her, deep and permanent shame. And it was stricken with awful disillusionment over a girl he had believed to be nice. There followed a dreadful interval during which they all co-operated to help Alton make as speedy a departure as possible.

When Sally came back from the door Toby was placidly reading one of the books she had thrown at him. It wasn't that she was really cross with him; it was just that she suddenly saw with awful clarity that if she ever did find her ideal man Toby would find a way to come between them.

"Toby," she said gently, and she had never felt so unhappy in her life, "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to see you any more."

Emotion rushed into his face, twisting and reddening it, and she saw him struggle with a world of feeling he was helpless to express. "All right!" he shouted at last. "I hope you find what you're looking for! It'd serve you right!" And he slammed out of the door.

The next day, in all her emotional hangover, the only thing she could think of was Toby's unexpected sweetness in hoping she would find her ideal man. And then about three o'clock she remembered. He had followed the sentiment up with, "It'd serve you right!"

Of course, her ideal man would be as brilliant as Ray Harbison, as adoring as Don Carroll, as high-minded as Alton James, in addition to having a lot of other weighty virtues, and she'd be scared to death of him! What her ideal man would want would be an ideal woman — nothing less! And what she wanted was not an ideal man, but a man to whom she was ideally suited! And that being the case — oh, joy!

She was lying in wait at her front door when Toby came in that evening. "Er-er," she said a little shyly, as he began to walk by. "Oh, wait a —" she entreated, as he went past. "Oh, just a —" she cried, and seized his arm. To hold his attention when he started to shake her off, she brought out in a rush, "I wouldn't be happy with an ideal man, because I'm not an ideal woman!"

Toby stared coldly down at her, but he condescended not to move.

"If you want to know, I — have a few faults."

This interested him sufficiently to allow himself to be drawn into her flat. "I'm a little stubborn," she hurried to confide. "I — fly off the handle. I'm over-romantic and impulsive, and not particularly tidy."

There was a pregnant silence during which her heart pounded so hard she thought she was going to fall at his feet. Then Toby said helpfully, "Would you like me to tell you some of my faults?"

"Oh, no. I know them!"

He sighed, a deep, relaxed sigh, long overdue. "Then I think we understand each other."

It developed that they did. "Isn't it odd," Sally breathed at last, "you're not an ideal man and perhaps I'm not an ideal woman, but I wouldn't be at all surprised if we have an ideal marriage!"

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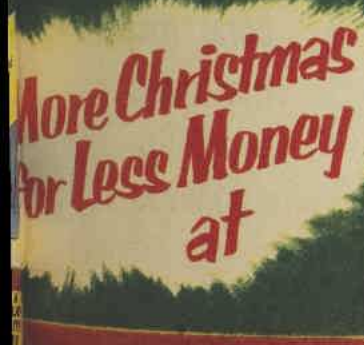
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 12, 1958

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was amiss but completely underestimating it, set down the tray with a rattle.

"I'll go." "No." The others spoke together and the man kept his eyes on the old woman.

"Who is it? Have you any idea at all?" The bell rang again, less aggressively this time, a single long-drawn buzz, and Polly's face cleared.

"Oh, it's Miss Rich," she said. "That's about it, Miss Rich, my old neighbor from down the road. She's come for her magazine. She must have seen my light in the office just now."

"Would she come as late as this?" His question was inquiry, not argument, and unconsciously her voice grew soothing as she reassured him.

"Later, I'm afraid, if she saw I was up. Old people are slow, you know. I get this paper on Wednesdays, you see, and by Thursday she expects me to have read it." Her relief was completely convincing and the other old woman became as real to them as if they could see her standing on the doorstep huddling a coat about her.

Polly was looking for the magazine and found it where she expected, under the sofa cushions. It was a thin but gay little folder with a dog and a baby on the cover, and she took it up and went back across the room with it.

"I remembered it this afternoon when I saw she'd left me a bit of watercress on the kitchen sill," she said, "but it slipped my mind again. Poor girl, she can't sleep."

"Don't let her in," He made it a warning and her eyes turned towards him again.

"No, of course not. I'll say I'm tired. If I shut this door and you keep quiet she won't know anyone's here. It's only if she thinks I have visitors and I'm going to be up anyhow that she insists on coming in for a chat. I'll just slip this out to her and come straight back."

She went out and as the door closed behind her the patent draught-excluder upon

it slid into its copper rim and shut the room away, secret and silent at the back of the house.

Polly moved quickly. She was very frightened and the single flight of stairs leading down to the front hall made her breathless, so that her voice sounded unsteady and alarmed as she tugged back the bolts.

"Don't ring again, Ellie. I've got it here, dear."

She swung the door open at last. "I was just off to bed ... Who is it?"

THE final phrase was whispered as she caught sight of Richard's neat head silhouetted against the street-lit arch of the porch.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but could I possibly see Annabelle?" The demand came out in a shamefaced murmur. He had made the journey in the spirit of mingled anxiety and knight-errantry, but now, at the moment of arrival, he felt suddenly silly and embarrassed.

"Who are you?" She was still whispering and he noticed her glance nervously behind her.

"My name is Waterfield. I ..."

"I remember." She opened the door a little wider to let the light from the hallway fall upon his hair, so that she might see its color.

He blushed at the recognition and started again.

"I've known Annabelle all her life. I wouldn't have come round so late if the telephone hadn't suddenly got disconnected. I rang until ..."

"Hush." Polly came out into the porch, pulling the door nearly closed behind her. "I've got no time," she said earnestly. "I don't want to explain, but I can't let you in."

"I do want to see her," he said quickly.

"Yes." She was agreeing with him. "Yes, I was thinking. Could you put Annabelle on a train for me?"

Continuing... Hide My Eyes

from page 21

"Tonight?"

"As soon as possible. I want her to be at home by the morning. If I got her out could you do the rest?"

"Of course." She was aware of him staring at her suspiciously, but her hand was trembling on the latch and her ears were strained to catch the least sound from the sitting-room. "The moment I can get her to go up to bed I'll send her down by the fire escape."

As a statement it was idiotic, but he caught the note of urgency.

"Where is that?" He was whispering, too.

"Just here." She indicated the side of the house opposite to the museum. "You'll have to climb over or go right round to the other street. Wait at the foot of the stairs and I'll send her down the instant I can. I'm very grateful to you. Heaven knows what I'd have done without you. I haven't wait now, dear. Hurry. Good-night."

The door was closing behind her when she thrust it open again.

"You won't make a noise, will you? That's vital." She paused and he understood that she was struggling with a confidence. Suddenly out it came. "Tell them that whatever they do they're not to rush the house."

This time the door shut firmly behind her.

Richard came out of the porch thoroughly alarmed. Whatever he had expected of Annabelle's aunt it was not this. Obviously something was terribly wrong in the house and his suspicion that Gerry might have gone there had deepened into a certainty. However, his only real concern was Annabelle's safety and it was with relief that he had recognised a fellow feeling in Polly. He turned to the right across the front garden.

The rain was threatening again rather than coming down

in earnest, and a gusty, fidgety wind had sprung up, plucking the last of the leaves from the plane trees and ruffling the shrubs in front of the house. The street was deserted and the houses opposite dark.

He found the fire escape at once. It was a spiderweb of iron, festooned the blank side of the building nearest its left-hand neighbor. He could not reach it immediately because the entrance, which had evidently been there before the museum lot had been added to the property, was now bricked up, leaving him with a wall to circumnavigate.

It was nine or ten feet high, hung with the evergreen variety of honeysuckle, slightly wet and abominably dirty, so he went out into the street and down to the museum door. As he feared, it was bolted and he had to come back to the wall.

As he swarmed up the creeper it occurred to him that the return journey with Annabelle was not going to be easy, but he decided to meet that difficulty when he came to it, and presently swung his legs over into the narrow cul-de-sac to drop quietly to the gravel below.

Meanwhile Polly had her foot on the staircase before she recollected the magazine still in her hand. She hurried into the office with it, thrust it out of sight in a drawer in the desk, and was back in the hall just in time.

The door at the top of the stairs had opened abruptly and the angle of light appearing, gibbet-shaped and vivid in the gloom, made her jump.

"Is that you, Aunt Polly?" Annabelle's silhouetted form appeared looking down at her. She was clutching her beaker of milk, and hesitated uncertainly. "I thought I'd go to bed, if you don't mind. I'm rather tired."

She was frightened. Polly was as aware of it as if the

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child had stood there screaming her head off, and she came toiling up the stairs to her.

"A very good idea," she said as she arrived panting. "Wait a minute. Here's the note for your sister in case I forget it in the morning. Take great care of it and give it to her with my love."

She noticed with relieved astonishment that her voice was quite normal. It sounded friendly and assured, and the breathlessness, of course, was due to the exertion. "I'll just see you up to your room."

"Oh, no, please don't." The objection was frankly vigorous. "I know where it is. You showed me this afternoon."

"But I'd like to." "Oh, cut it out, Polly." Gerry was exasperated. He was out of sight in the bright room, behind the angle of the door, but yet very close to them, only a few feet away. "Come and get me a drink and let the kid go to bed if she wants to."

"I'm coming, dear. I just want to scribble down an address on this note while I think of it. I shan't be a minute." As she was speaking she had taken the envelope for Jenny out of her coat pocket, and now produced a stub of pencil from the handbag on her arm. She turned to the ledge which ran across the shallow recess at the foot of the second flight of stairs and began to write on it, while the girl lingered unwillingly beside her.

"Go out by fire escape. Landing window. Richard is down there. Keep quiet."

"There," she said briskly, "can you read my writing?"

"Polly, for heaven's sake." There was an impatient movement in the room, and the woman thrust the letter into the girl's hand and moved, so that she was between her and the door. He did not come out, however, and Annabelle glanced at the message.

Polly saw the expression change on her round face, and caught her quick, upward glance and nod of relieved comprehension; then she turned and went up the staircase like an arrow. Just before she disappeared into the

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

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greyness she remembered and looked back.

It was the last Polly saw of her, the pathetically grateful smile and nervous little wave of affection and goodbye.

"Good-night," she called after her. "God bless." She turned away and went into the sitting-room. "What was that about?" she demanded.

He wasted no time by pretending not to understand her.

"Stiff-necked little beast," he said. "I asked her what the devil she was doing here and she took offence. She says she's one of Freddy's brother's family, is that right?"

"Yes. Do you mind?" She was taking off her coat and he came over automatically and received it from her and threw it over a chair in the corner.

"No," he said mildly. "She took me by surprise, that was all."

THE old woman's eyes followed her wrap. His own trenchcoat lay beneath it, but there was no sign of his jacket, and at the moment, so far as she could see, there was no place on him where a gun could hide.

"It was you I came to see," he went on. "You're very late. You went to The Grotto, she told me. How's the family?"

"Oh, all right, dear. Very well. Just as they always are."

They were neither of them aware of what was being said. Each was absorbed by tremendous and separate preoccupations.

Polly was listening for any betraying sound from upstairs, and in that she was the more fortunate. Gerry had not the advantage of an interest out-

side himself. There was, so far as he knew, nothing between him and the project he had in mind. No danger. No need to hurry. The whole night was before him. The shadow on his face had deepened.

He looked dirty with strain. "I'll get us both a drink," he said suddenly, and made a movement.

"No." Polly stepped between him and the door. "I'm going to have my milk. If you want anything I'll get it in a minute. How did you get into the house? I never gave you a key."

The sudden belligerence was unlike her, and it astonished him. He took a step backwards and stood looking at her gravely.

"I've had one a long time," he said. "I thought you knew."

Polly went over to her chair and sat down heavily. "When you had that set cut for me last year you bought another, I suppose?"

"I bought a second front-door key, yes. I thought it might be useful some time. And it was. I've been waiting for you for over an hour." He paused. "Wandering about the house, you know."

She nodded. It was a strange, resigned gesture, which again was something he had not envisaged. She was leaning back against the chintz shell as high as her head, and he saw her face as if he had never seen it before. It was such a harmless, kindly old face. Not at all clever but mild and peacefully beautiful in repose.

He looked away hastily, and there was silence between them until he forced his smile back and his eyes looked like a sorry ape's again. He was strangely loath to hurry, and he began to coax her as he had done so often before.

"Sorry, old lady, it never occurred to me that you would

mind. You don't really, do you? It was a silly thing to do, but I knew you and Freddy so well that I suppose I thought I had some sort of right."

"Yes," she said, still in the same flat, resigned sort of way which was making him uneasy, "we'd been very close, we three. We loved you like a son, Gerry, and you loved us."

She folded her hands with a gesture of finality. "And we still do," she said, "and nothing can be done about that. Well, now then, run along and fetch yourself what you want from the dining-room. Nothing for me. I shall drink that milk."

The man stood eyeing her. She had frightened him for a moment, but she seemed relaxed and unassuming, and even when she glanced at the little china clock among the figures on the chimney-piece, relieved, as if some anxiety had been resolved.

He pushed the unformed question behind him and gave his attention to practical problems. The nightmare waiting already brewed was not in his programme.

"Very well," he said soothingly, "just as you like. I'll take this stuff down and bring you some fresh. It's gone cold and disgusting."

"Oh, no!" She was horrified. "Don't you go and take my last pint. It's all I've got for the kid's breakfast in the morning."

"Then I'll rehearse this," he insisted firmly.

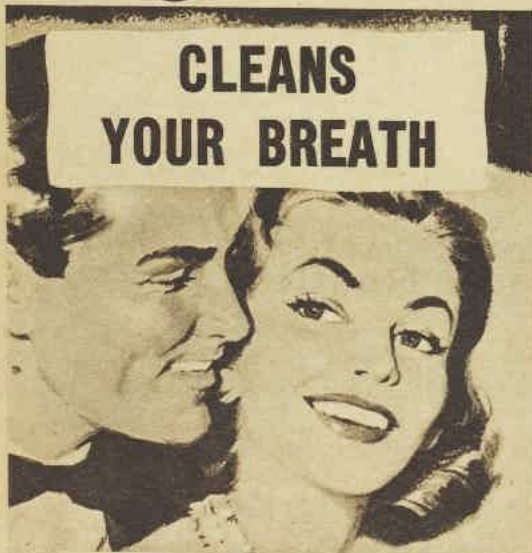
"Stay where you are and don't be so ruddy obstinate."

He went off with the tray, leaving the door swinging. Polly waited until she heard the familiar crack of the dining-room step and then rose quietly to her feet and crept across the room to the chair where the coats lay. Her hands were clumsy in her nervousness as she fumbled with the pockets, and when at last she found and

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drew out the heavy gun it hung awkwardly from fingers which trembled.

The problem of where to hide it seemed to overwhelm her. It was so much bigger than she had expected, and infinitely more terrible to look at. She realised that it was most horribly unsafe and every line in her body conveyed her fear and distaste. With deep relief her glance fell on the big Meissen tureen, a mass of gilt and little colored views, which stood in the china cabinet beside the window. Her own mother had always hidden things there and she remembered it from her childhood secreting a long line of treasures.

It took her hardly a moment to unlatch the glass doors, lift the ornate lid, and slide the heavy thing out of sight. Then, shutting the cabinet, she was turning away when she saw that the window curtains were swaying. The discovery that the casement was open, and that therefore any sound the young people might have made by the fire escape just round the corner of the house could easily have been audible in the room, sent a net of nervous pain over her face.

She was bolting the window when Gerry came back and set the tray down on the table again. Besides the beaker there was a glass of scotch and soda upon it, but although he had removed the skin from the top of the milk she suspected he had not taken the time to heat it again, despite all his protestations. Something had happened to upset him. She could see it in his face.

"What are you doing?" he demanded. "Opening the window?"

"No. Shutting it. It's cold."

"Shall I light the fire for you?"

"If you do we mustn't close the door." She stood over him while he put a match to the gas. "Last time the gasman called he warned me it was dangerous. Those things I had put in here stop the draught completely and the fire can go out."

"I know. You told me." He

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did not look up and his tone was casual. "There," he said, "that's all right. Sit down in your chair and I'll bring you your drink. Polly, that boiler of yours in the kitchen, does it go out easily?"

"Not unless one tries to burn rubbish in it. It's no good for that." She had been in the act of resuming her seat in the shell-backed chair while he was still kneeling on the rug, so that she was looking down at him. Her face was close to his when the significance of her own words occurred to her.

POLLY drew slowly away, down, down, further back into the upholstery. "You've been trying to burn your jacket. There was blood on it."

The voice was not like her own at all. A hideous quality of panic had dried it into a whisper.

The man sat back on his heels, looking at her, and a strange dark blush spread over his face, more revealing than any change of expression could have been.

"What the devil are you talking about?"

It was a bluster and she put up a hand to stop him.

"Don't, dear, don't. I tried to ring up Matt tonight. I know."

He remained where he was, kneeling before her chair, and there was a moment of indecision fleeting to him but to her as deliberate as a film in slow motion, while he chose the line to take. Finally he took her hand.

"You're making a silly mistake, old girl," he said. "You don't know what you're talking about and nor do I. I don't know Matt, do I?"

She sat forward and looked into his face to see if he was lying. It was a manoeuvre of the nursery and she met her stare with eyes which just then were like an animal's without the spark behind them.

"When you look like that

there's no one there," she said, "but that's not true always. Sometimes when I look into your face, Gerry, I can still see the lively boy that old Freddy and I were so fond of."

"That's right, Polly, while you love me I'm alive and kicking." He sat back on his heels once more. He was deeply relieved and was laughing, but the strange dark color had not entirely faded from his face. "When you look in my eyes, darling," he said, "d'you know what you see? You see yourself. You're the life in me."

"No, I don't." She spoke with sudden vigor. "I see you, my boy. There's not much that's for ever in you, Gerry, but there's still a man there and not a snake, please God. I'm afraid, though, terribly afraid. Gerry, I know about the gloves. That glove we saw in the paper was your glove, one of the pair I gave you. You shot those people in Church Row."

It was his own turn to shrink away. The dull orange blush returned, but this time he did not bother to make denials.

"If you knew, you connived, you approved," he said, and added, since even to his own ears the accusation sounded absurd, "you hid your eyes. You're like that. You deceive yourself very easily. You keep all that crashing junk of Freddy's because you think it must be wonderful, since he collected it, yet you know perfectly well that it's vulgar, tasteless, and a bore. Anything goes if it's done by someone you're fond of, that's your creed."

"That isn't true. You're changing the subject. You're trying to muddle me. Oh, Gerry, they're going to catch you."

He cocked an eye at her. "They won't, you know." Now that she was reacting as he had thought she might if ever

she discovered him, he dropped his attack. He appeared completely confident. "I'm careful. I'm like a good racing driver. I never take a risk. I've got no ties and no rules. I'm so safe it's boring."

She sat listening to him, horrified and absorbed. It was as though, on looking at last at the Gorgon's head, it had indeed turned her to stone. She was dead to the gay room, to the fleeing children, to the blessed ordinary programme of sleeping and waking, lost in a single dreadful effort to comprehend.

"But it was Matt threatening to prosecute that scared you. And in Church Row you shot because you were frightened. All you did you did in panic, Gerry." She was appealing to him in the teeth of her own intelligence to make the mitigating claim.

He sat on the rug frowning, as if he found the recollection shadowy.

"Church Row was the beginning," he said at last. "That was the start. That didn't count. The others were different."

"What others? Gerry . . . there hasn't been another besides poor Matt?"

"What? No, of course not. There hasn't been any ever." He was laughing at her, treating her as he had done a thousand times before over less important issues. "You are inventing all this. This is in your mind." He was thrashing about, turning this way and that. "It's hysteria, old dear. Dreams." He paused suspiciously, warned by her expression. "What have you remembered, Polly?"

"Listen." She was struggling to control her breathing. "A superintendent of police came here today."

"Oh. What did he want?" He spoke lightly, and she found his assumed casualness terrifying.

"Nothing, as it happened. He was disappointed, I saw

To page 63

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it. Some witness was confused about where he had seen two wax figures before, and the local police thought he might have noticed them in our museum."

"Did you tell him I'd taken them?"

"No. He wasn't very interested in what had happened to them. All he wanted to know was if they had ever existed. If I know the police they'll be sending the witness along to see if the place recalls anything to him."

Gerry sat looking at the fire, his eyes round and without expression, his lips parted slightly.

"A chance in eight million," he said softly. "Tenacious clots, aren't they? It won't help them. I may have to alter things down there a bit to stop argument, but even if I didn't they couldn't prove a thing."

Polly did not speak at once. She was huddled in her chair where she seemed to have shrunk as her suspicions became relentless certainty. Only her blue eyes were still very bright.

"That night when it rained you sent me the taxi," she said at last. "I knew that in my heart. And when I got the postcard telling me quite unnecessarily that you were somewhere else that night, I was even more certain. But I wouldn't, I couldn't believe it."

"That country bus with the old wax figures in it to stop questions, that was the sort of idea you'd have, Gerry. I thought that when I first read it, but I shut my eyes to it. I sat here and prayed that I was getting a bit touched, living alone imagining nonsense."

He put a hand on her arm and shook it not without kindness.

"You ruddy silly old thing," he said softly. "Why don't you shut up?"

She did not answer him and after a while he went on. He spoke very reasonably and in an intimate conversational way, as if he were making a business confidence.

"I'm in no danger at all, Polly. There's never any need

to worry about me. You see, I'm careful and I'm thorough always, every moment of the time. I keep my feet on the ground and my eyes open and I never forget a possibility. I've never needed an alibi, yet I've always had one, you know. Besides, I have no sentiment to make me shrink from any move when the need arises. Even if a miracle happened and the police came to suspect me, they'd never prove anything. I clear up as I go."

Polly rubbed her hands over her face as if to brush away cobwebs.

"But to kill," she whispered. "To murder, Gerry."

GERRY scowled and scrambled to his feet. He was red and irritable.

"That's a silly term. Murder is a word, a shibboleth. People get killed every day and sometimes it's called murder and sometimes it isn't. Sometimes it's war and sometimes it's accident, sometimes it's—well, it's just the logical conclusion of a sequence of events. You're trying to make something metaphysical of it, setting it up as the one unforgivable crime. That's hocus-pocus. If you're prepared to strip everything else from a man, why not finish the job logically and take his life? You're going to sit there and tell me God wouldn't like it, I suppose. Is that it?"

Polly struggled to sit up in her chair and there was a flash of the old authority in her eyes when she faced him.

"I don't know about God," she said, "but I can tell you one thing. It's men who won't have murder. God's first commandment doesn't concern murder, but it's the first crime in man's law all right. If a man is a man with a spirit, and not a poor beast who hasn't one, he won't put up with murder even if he's a murderer himself. Men who murder turn against themselves and commit

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 61

suicide by giving themselves away. They don't want to, but they can't help it. It's in the make-up, born there. You said you were finding it boring. That's the beginning."

"Polly, be quiet, and don't talk such cracking rot."

"I can't. Murder will out, Gerry. That's what it means." There was a moment of stillness after the words like the silence after a thunderclap. The terrifying idea took the man by surprise and he escaped into anger. He swung away from her with an effort which contracted the muscles at the sides of his temples and drove the blood out of his face.

"It's time for these," he announced, turning to the drinks on the table. "I've also learnt to keep my temper, old girl. That's lesson A. No anger, no feeling, nothing to get in the way."

He handed her the beaker which was on a saucer and frowned as he saw that some of the milk had spilled over.

"Sorry about that," he said. "The old hand isn't as steady as it ought to be. Drink up. I put some whisky in it."

Polly took the beaker obediently, her glance resting on his face. He looked older than she had ever seen him, she thought, the lines deeper, the muscles more pronounced. There was sweat standing out on his forehead and she was relieved to see it, despite her sense of paralysed dismay. She comforted herself at least he was alive to it all, still there.

She sipped the milk and made a face, but drank it down as if it were medicine.

"You shouldn't have done that. It's filthy," she said absently. "The kid must have put sugar in as well, or salt or something, and the whisky makes it worse. Look, Gerry, I've been thinking. Whether you like to believe it or not, sooner or later we're going to need money for the lawyers."

They won't all be like poor old Matt. They'll have to be paid. Well, I've got it, and when you need it both Freddy and I would never hesitate . . ."

He made a gesture of blind exasperation, but she persisted.

"Don't look like that, dear. We've got to face things. I'm telling you this because I want you to know I'll see you through, so don't do anything barmy like trying to run for it, or—or—thinking you can do again what you did at Church Row. You can't shoot your way out all the time."

She sat looking up at him, the empty beaker on her knee. She was mild and gentle and kindly, and her affection for him transfigured her face. He remained staring at her, an extraordinary conflict growing in his eyes, part apprehension, part eagerness, part passionate despair.

"You'd have given me away," he burst out at last, dropping on the rug before her, putting his arms round her and peering into her face. "Admit it. You couldn't have helped it. You and the kid between you, you're like glass. You can't hide a thing, can you? Can you?"

Polly closed her eyes tightly and opened them again. An expression of childlike astonishment had appeared on her face.

"I can't see you properly," she said. "It's funny. I feel . . . oh, Gerry. The milk! What have you done? What is it? The chloral? It was still in the chest."

"Darling, it's all right; it's all right. Don't be frightened. It's only a little. Only enough to put you out."

He was agonised, weeping even, suffocated by the relentless compulsion. Polly looked very earnestly and stupidly into his face, so close to her own.

"I . . . am the last thing you love," she said thickly, struggling with the drug as its waves broke over her. "If . . ."

To page 71

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"Marina."—Full-skirted afternoon dress featuring an Empire bodice-top, scoop neckline, and short sleeves. The material is no-iron poplin in pale pink, emerald-green, lilac, rose-pink, aqua, lemon, and avocado-green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 84/6, 36 and 38in. bust 86/9. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/9, 36 and 38in. bust 63/3. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

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A product of Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., Sydney.

FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

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Floral Fragrant

SANPIC

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant

BARBARA RUSH starring in "The Young Lions"
A 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope Production.



Now! The world's purest beauty soap comes to you in 4 lovely **PASTELS AND WHITE**

See your complexion become clearer

... your entire skin so much smoother and softer... as you wash and bathe ONLY with pure, gentle all-new Lux.

Even the prettiest bathroom looks prettier with the four soft pastels in ALL-NEW Lux. There's a natural gentleness about Lux that makes it perfect for complexion and bath.

ALL NEW LUX

Lovely fragrance

... as subtle and exclusive as the finest perfumes. Do you know that in France, the very home of fine perfumes, all-new Lux has become a top-favourite beauty soap? Use only Lux... all-new Lux.

The truth about Debbie's marriage

● When it became known that Mike Todd's widow, Liz Taylor, was having a romance with Eddie Fisher, the fans were shocked as they had seldom been shocked before. Only six months earlier it was Eddie's wife, Debbie Reynolds, who had helped Liz through the tragedy of Mike's death.

DEBBIE stayed with Liz and took charge of the two little Wilding boys, Liz's children by her second husband.

Now, it seemed, Liz was stealing the husband of her best friend.

When Debbie and Eddie were married in 1955, Eddie, at 27, was the top vocal star of America, with 500 fan letters daily, and with nine million records already sold.

He had had a triumphant London Palladium season, and had sung to Princess Margaret at a private ball.

Debbie, delightful as the tomboy heroine of "Two Weeks With Love," had gone on to make a pleasing though not electrifying appearance in such films as "Singing in the Rain" and "I Love Melvin."

Eddie and Debbie made one film together, "Bundle of Joy," in the year following their marriage.

Though Fisher's performance was well received, the two were never again teamed together.

But after two years of marriage the picture had changed.

Fisher, with an inexhaustible talent for losing friends and unfavorably influencing people, was barred from the air by nearly every important disc jockey.

Eddie's career was at a low ebb, comparable with that of Frank Sinatra before "From Here to Eternity," when Debbie's recording of "Tammy" became a best-seller.

Debbie, at the height of her "Tammy" popularity, made a personal appeal to the disc jockeys to give Eddie a break, but few responded.

In their married life the Fishers also had their troubles.

The harsh comment of Liz Taylor, when charged with breaking up the Fisher marriage, "They weren't getting along, anyway," was not without its truth.

Insiders have known that almost from the beginning Debbie has had to fight for the sort of marriage and home-life she wanted.

It is true, as Elizabeth further charged, that had Debbie not found herself having

her second baby last year the Fishers might have been divorced by now.

Staying at home didn't suit Fisher. He liked to accept distant engagements, travelling (preferably to Las Vegas) with a group of cronies and hangers-on with whom, after his singing appearances, he would gamble or do the town until the early hours of the morning.

Once, asked to comment on these long absences which she was known to resent, Debbie admitted: "We don't have many meals together."

Debbie's first move after her marriage was to try to persuade Fisher to shed certain members of the entourage he'd come to accept as part of the trappings of success.

These unabashed hangers-on went everywhere Eddie went, wore copies of the clothes he wore, ate the same food. But they always vanished when it came to signing the cheque.

Fisher really liked them, and thought they were great guys. More importantly, they made him feel important.

Debbie was only partly successful in her fight to get them out of her house.

One of the Fishers' first big differences arose when Eddie insisted on staying on in Mexico for the three-day junket associated with the wedding of Mike and Liz.

Debbie wanted to get home. Eddie wanted to stay. They stayed.

From the time the two couples began to see so much of each other, the Todds were always a danger to Debbie's marriage.

Mike's "big wheel," big-spending way of life was irresistibly attractive to the basically immature Eddie.

In the Todd-Fisher foursome, Debbie was always the odd girl out.

Mike, Fisher, and Liz had plenty of tastes in common. But there were a dozen girls in Hollywood with whom Debbie had more interests to share than with Liz.

When Debbie, after the story broke, said she didn't consider she and Liz had been great friends, she was speaking no more than the truth.

They are simply too different. It was

BIRTHDAY - PARTY
study of Debbie Reynolds and her eldest child, Carrie Francis, who is now two. During the first year of their marriage Debbie and Eddie Fisher made their only film together, "Bundle of Joy."

Films

WITH
AINSLIE
BAKER



Eddie, with his desire to identify himself with the exciting, high-pressure Todd, who brought the two together.

In one of her few attempts at self-justification, Liz Taylor charged dramatically: "He must not go back to her; she will destroy him."

Debbie has a will of her own that she would sometimes be wiser to conceal, but destroy Eddie? Never.

Liz Taylor, with her need for drama, excitement, and rich living, could well succeed herself in destroying the little big-shot.

Debbie, who fortunately has been able to step right into her new picture, "The Mating Game," will go ahead with a divorce, and will seek custody of the children.

There are many who, to some degree, will echo the sentiment of Debbie's mother—who, on learning of the Fisher-Taylor week in New York, burst out: "She should be slapped."



HAPPY FAMILY (right) before the break-up. Debbie holds Todd, born in February and named for Mike Todd, while Eddie holds Carrie.

BELOW: This picture of the Todd wedding seems to hold a strange atmosphere of tragedy. Left to right: Liz, Mike, a Mexican friend, Debbie, Mike, jun., Eddie, and comedian Cantinflas.



NURSERY STUDY of Debbie and Eddie with baby Carrie, whose birth was thought to put the seal on one of Hollywood's happiest marriages.



TELEVISION PARADE

● Don't put off buying a TV set any longer if you are one of those optimists who are "just waiting for color TV." It seems that it will be a long, long time coming to Australia.

IN America, after nearly five years of color TV, there are still only 330,000 color TV set owners. But another 47,000,000 Americans own black-and-white sets.

Color TV sets cost 500 dollars (about £A250). Owners can get about two hours of color TV a day, but they can also watch black-and-white

programmes on the same set.

Recently America's huge National Broadcasting Company, which has poured millions of dollars into color TV and is unhappy about its slow progress, spent another 100,000 dollars (£A50,000) on a study of the American color owner.

The facts the survey unearthed are very interesting.

They show that 65 per cent. of the color owners have in-

comes over 7500 dollars a year (about £A3750); only 15 per cent. of the black-and-white-set owners have incomes in this group.

Four out of 10 color-set owners have annual incomes of 10,000 dollars (about £A5000) or more. Eight out of 10 color-set owners own their own homes. They are all well-to-do people.

The color-set owner is better educated than the average citizen. Nearly four out of 10 have either graduated from college or have had some college training. Half of the household heads in these families work in executive capacities, are professionals, or own their own businesses.

They entertain and are entertained more, belong to more social clubs, and are twice as likely to belong to a civic or social service organisation and to take an active part in political groups and volunteer work.

The story behind the reluctance to own color TV seems to be a difficulty in mastering the sensitive controls.

Many would-be purchasers apparently return color sets after a short while, claiming that color is uncontrollable.

NBC-TV dismisses them as

By
NAN MUSGROVE

impatient people who don't have enough strength of mind to master the few tricks necessary.

Whatever the true story is, the sensitive controls of American TV color sets and the resulting deviations from natural color have kept the American public wary of it.

Two of the most popular shows in Australia, the Steve Allen Show (Sydney's Channel 7, Melbourne's Channel 9, Sundays, 9.30 p.m.) and the Perry Como Show (Sydney's Channel 7, Melbourne's Channel 9, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.) originate from the NBC in color.

But, of course, they are received in Australia as black-and-white shows.

It looks like a long wait for color TV here, unless some genius comes up with a cheap, simple, easy-to-manage color set.

Footnote: Mrs. James Mason, wife of film star James Mason, has a TV set in each room in the house. The common black-and-white variety is installed in all rooms except the living-room, which has a color TV and a black-and-white portable job alongside.

"The portable is necessary," Mrs. Mason says, "to see what is going on in the other rooms on black and white."

Dodge City's Other Marshal

WYATT EARP (Hugh O'Brien), right, keeps the law in Dodge City on Sydney's Channel 7 and Melbourne's Channel 9. He does a good job, too, but hands over on Sunday nights to Marshal Matt Dillon (see opposite page).

Connoisseurs of the adult Western argue endlessly about the two TV Dodge Cities and try to establish whether or not it's one and the same place. Curiously, it is.

The companies which produce these two popular Westerns are rivals but use the same Western street, a sham Western town reconstructed within the grounds of Gene Autry's famous ranch.

The two companies lease the exterior sets at different times but dress the papier-mache buildings differently.

Dodge City, 1958 version, has a population of 12,300.

For TV-happy tourists who come searching for familiar scenes from their favorite TV Western they've built a replica of old Front Street, where you see the guns blaze on TV.

Cross their palms with silver and you can buy a drink at the Long Branch Saloon. The drink is strictly sarsaparilla because Dodge is in Kansas, a dry State, but it is served by Miss Kitty, a girl strangely like Amanda Blake (see opposite page).

If you'd care to settle permanently in Dodge, you can buy building blocks either on



Wyatt Earp Street or Gunsmoke Street, named recently after personal-appearance tours of the stars concerned.

Root Hill is there, too, a new one bulldozed on to the edge of Front Street, complete with new grave-markers.

WHO TRUSTS WHO?

DO you trust your wife? Quite a few husbands don't. But it goes the other way, too. Wives don't trust husbands.

The Postmaster-General proved recently that there's a surprising amount of distrust between married couples in Sydney. Since the beginning of an intensive "Have you got your TV licence?" advertising campaign there's been a two-way licence-buying traffic.

Wives with consciences twinging rush off with £5 for a licence. Husbands do exactly the same thing.

The funny part of it all is that it generally takes some weeks for both parties to find out they've doubled up on the TV licence, and a bit longer for them to ask for a refund.

In the past few weeks there's been quite a traffic in £5 refunds at Sydney's G.P.O. So far the total stands at more than 20.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam — the shampoo especially made for the girl who shampoos once a week (or more often)

Cleanses softly, gently, safely—cannot dry your hair like harsh, one-lather shampoos

Don't take risks with harsh shampoos and soaps that make hair dull and brittle. Give your hair the beauty treatment it deserves—two luxurious lathers with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo.



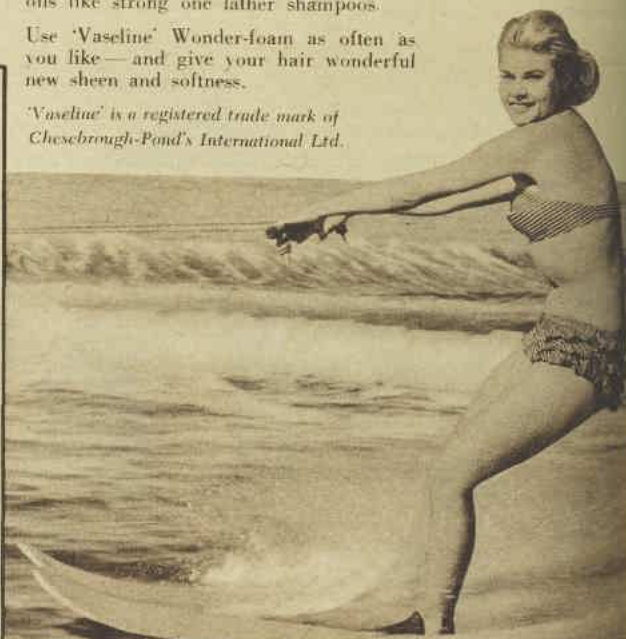
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Use 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam as often as you like—and give your hair wonderful new sheen and softness.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.



*TV—tune in to Chesebrough-Pond's Playhouse, 8.30 Wednesday nights, TCN Sydney, HSV Melbourne.

Fashion model Candy Mitchell is a water skier, too. Wind, sun and water can be harsh on her hair, but Candy relies on 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam Shampoo to restore its beauty.

TV's Western Epic - "Gunsmoke"



MARSHAL MATT DILLON, hero of "Gunsmoke," top-ranking adult Western here (Channel 9, Sydney, Sundays, 9.00 p.m.; Channel 7, Melbourne, Sundays, 9.00 p.m.) and in America and England, is James Arness in real life. He is 34, 6ft. 6in., 16st. 11lb., has blue eyes and blond hair, which is dyed brown for "Gunsmoke." He and his wife, Virginia, have three children, Rolf (7), Jenny Lee (8), and Craig (10). Arness has been nominated for an "Emmy" (the TV

equivalent of the film Oscar) as the best actor of 1958. He makes 90,000 dollars (about £445,000) a year from "Gunsmoke" and personal appearances. "Gunsmoke" is no formula Western with an invincible hero. Marshal Dillon of Dodge City has worrying times, is a realist who shoots a man in the back or draws first if necessary, takes a drink now and then, likes feminine company. Arness says: "I wouldn't trade roles with anybody on TV. 'Gunsmoke' has quality."



MISS KITTY (Amanda Blake), half-owner of the Long Branch Saloon, relaxes with **Chester** (Dennis Weaver), Marshal Dillon's side-kick. Miss Kitty is obviously Matt's favorite woman, but duty comes first.



MILBURN STONE, who plays "Doc," is cantankerous. He says: "I guess if it wasn't for Dillon I wouldn't still be in Dodge City at all. I love the big guy, and you'll notice I'm a little jealous of Chester."



CHESTER (Dennis Weaver) in his "Gunsmoke" role has a stiff right leg, a vile recipe for making coffee, and often says "shucks-a-mighty." He is formal with the Marshal, and always calls him "Mr. Dillon."

BELOW: Chester, left, and Miss Kitty, right, at home. Chester is married, 6ft. 3in., is not lame, and was an Olympic decathlon athlete. Miss Kitty, 5ft. 7in., red-haired and blue-eyed, is also married.



FILM PREVIEW

Sissi

... a girl the royal matchmakers forgot.

THE STORY

TEENAGE favorite of the German film industry, Romy Schneider, is the heroine of this youthful historical romance. She plays the shy 16-year-old Princess Elisabeth of Bavaria, "Sissi," who upset a family plan when she, instead of her elder sister, captured the heart of the young Emperor of Austria. Romy is the daughter of the old-time German star Magda Schneider, who appears in the film with her.

The film is photographed in color and has English sub-titles.



KARLHEINZ BOHM, as the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.



ROMY SCHNEIDER, as Sissi, who became an Empress.



CONSIDERED too young to go to Court, Sissi plays happily with her young brothers and sisters while dressmakers prepare her elder sister to meet the Emperor, Franz Josef.



NOT KNOWING who she is, Franz Josef, on his way to pay court to her elder sister, Helene, has an enchanting first meeting with Sissi, and falls in love.



A ROSE-DECORATED barge carries the radiantly happy Sissi down the Danube to Vienna, her waiting bridegroom, and brilliant assembly who have gathered to meet her.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST...

She buys **PROTEX** because
it's best for the whole family

Reasons why Mother buys Protex

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BUY THE BIG BATH SIZE
AND SAVE MONEY



DID YOUR FAMILY PROTEX THEMSELVES THIS MORNING?

New Film Releases

★ PARIS HOLIDAY

United Artists comedy, with Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg, Martha Hyer. Technicolor. Regent, Sydney.

BILLED as "The World's Funniest Men," Hope and Fernandel prove that they can be a riotously funny combination at times, and one that doesn't give up trying for a minute.

Occasionally the humor falls flat, but with Hope's gags coming thick and fast, and Fernandel's ugly, expressive face, the audience finds plenty to laugh at.

The story, pure farce, is primarily Bob Hope's. As an American actor, he heads for Paris to buy the latest screenplay of a famous French author. The play is actually a factual story, uncovering a vast counterfeit ring.

The criminals are determined to destroy the script and everyone who has read it. This means Hope.

Helped by his French comedian friend (Fernandel), an American Embassy employee (Martha Hyer), and the criminal siren (Anita Ekberg), who has a change of heart, Hope succeeds in thwarting the criminals.

In doing so he endures a term in an asylum and a wild ride hanging on to a rope ladder under a helicopter—the film's funniest sequence. —A.M.B.

In a word . . . **NONSENSE.**

★★ GOD'S LITTLE ACRE

United Artists comedy-drama, with Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray, Tina Louise. Mayfair, Sydney.

ANTHONY MANN'S direction, fine photography, and an excellent musical score by Elmer Bernstein make an artistic success out of the rather strange screen fare provided by Erskine Caldwell's celebrated novel.

Ryan has never done anything as good as his lovable, hypocritical hillbilly Southern farmer who neglects his land while he digs for gold.

Of special interest is the performance of Ray—now in Australia to make "The Siege."

He plays the town-dwelling son-in-law, tormented equally by desire for Tina Louise—a full-bodied Loren-type siren—and despair at the shut-down of the mill that kept the town in work.

The sharply contrasting bursts of broad comedy and smoldering passion, together with the characters' hillbilly social standards, frequently reduce the whole thing to comic-strip level.

In a word . . . **CURIOUS.**

★★ CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Rank Organisation drama, with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, Michael Craig, Barbara Murray, James Robertson Justice. In Eastman Color. Lyceum, Sydney.

HAMMOND INNES' book has been fairly faithfully reproduced to make a film that contains

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

fire, flood, and intrigue—yet remains credible.

Bogarde, as the young Englishman who believes himself incurably ill and arrives in Canada hoping to strike oil on his grandfather's property before he dies, and Baker, as the unscrupulous dam contractor, are both excellent.

Bogarde is befriended by English girl Barbara Murray and the mining surveyor Craig. With the help of a Scots oil-rig operator, Robertson Justice, they drill for oil on the property, hoping to strike before the dam is finished and the property flooded.

It is a gripping story, tough and fast-moving, and the fact that it was filmed in the Canadian Dolomites adds to its appeal.—A.M.B.

In a word . . .

WORTH WHILE.

★ TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

Universal - International romantic drama, with Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse. Eastman Color. State, Sydney.

ROCK HUDSON is well named. He shows as much life as a block of granite.

His expression doesn't vary whether he has just missed being killed by a deliberately dropped marlin-spike or whether he is vowing to wait two years for his girl-friend to come out of prison.

Luckily the directors realised this, and in a good many scenes the audience gets a good view of Mr. Hudson's broad back.

He plays the role of the captain of an ancient brigantine, determined to sail it to Mexico to restore his own faith in himself.

In addition to coping with an odd bunch of passengers and a disloyal mate who incites the crew against him, he also has to cope with the faulty ship.

Cyd Charisse, distressingly intense as the girl who chases him quite relentlessly, makes the audience feel that he responds in the end because resistance would be futile.—A.M.B.

In a word . . . **UNREAL.**

★ THIS ANGRY AGE

Columbia drama, with Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano, Richard Conte, Jo Van Fleet. In Technicolor. Victory, Sydney.

ALL glossed-up for the box-office, "This Angry Age" will anger the critical viewer expecting realism, taste, and imagination from producer Dino De Laurentiis.

Heavily slanted for the teenage market, the film tells of an Italian rice-growing family which tries to wall off the ocean from its low-lying farm in Thailand.

Jo Van Fleet, a dominating mother, and her children, Anthony Perkins and Silvana Mangano, live on an isolated farm where the days are filled with work, the nights with boredom.

To please rock-'n-roll addicts, great chunks of the film are given up to rhythm and dancing when Perkins and Mangano escape to the city, seeking pleasure.

De Laurentiis has produced just another slick drama.—H.F.

In a word . . . **ANNOYS.**

STOMACH DISCOMFORT



MAY STRIKE YOU ANYTIME!

Keep DeWitt's Tablets in your pocket or handbag for just such an emergency. Then, at the first twinge of pain, dissolve a pleasant-tasting DeWitt's Antacid Tablet on the tongue. Because DeWitt's Antacid Tablets rapidly neutralize excess stomach acidity, common cause of digestive disorders, your indigestion is halted before it develops. DeWitt's Antacid Tablets are packed in handy tear-off cellophane strips and are available from chemists and storekeepers. Buy a packet today.



At home take DeWitt's Antacid Powder for fast and prolonged relief from indigestion and stomach discomfort.

POWDER . . . Large economy size 7/-
Regular size 3/6
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"Wouldn't be without it . . ."

writes Mrs. S. of Tempe, N.S.W.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's in the house and recommend it to my friends and to anyone that comes here with indigestion."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

DeWitt's ANTACID TABLETS



Women are NOT gamblers

THEY HAVE TOO MUCH AT STAKE

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kill me, Gerry, you will lose contact with your kind. There'll be nothing to keep you alive. You'll wither like a leaf off a tree."

Annabelle came quickly down the fire-escape in the rain, her cautious feet making no sound on the wet iron. Richard saw her white face in the darkness and heard her sigh as her hand touched his shoulder. She let herself drop gratefully into the arms he held up for her, and returned his squeeze with a wholeheartedness which warmed him.

"What happened?" He was whispering, but she made a warning movement, and he seized her bag with one hand, and, putting his other arm round her shoulders, led her round the back of the house under the single lighted window. In the few minutes he had been waiting he had explored the position, and had discovered that, as he had feared, to return the way he had come was going to be impossible.

However, the narrow path led through an archway into the adjoining plot where the museum stood, and he suspected that apart from the entrance to the collection there was a second way out through the gardens to the other road at the back of the houses.

By now it was raining hard in the city way, which to Annabelle's country ears was extraordinarily noisy, the water drumming on the roofs and gurgling in pipes and gullies. They could just see the path, white in the gloom, as it ran round beside the kitchen door just below the little passageway which led from the house to the collection. Then it followed the museum buildings, presumably right round to the entrance.

As they came round the arch and huddled under the wall he bent closer to her.

"Was Gerry there?"
"Yes. Waiting for us when we got in. What do you know about him?"
"Not enough. What happened?"

"I don't know. He was just furious to see me. I thought he was going to kill me."
Richard grunted. "I don't think it's quite as sensational as that."

"I do," Annabelle's practical young voice quivered. "Aunt Polly was petrified about something. Richard, I think we ought to tell the police."
"No, we won't do that." His smile was wry. "I've had one little chat with the police about being on enclosed premises to-night. I don't think we'll risk another. No, you stand in this doorway and try to keep out of the wet, and I'll go and see if there's a back gate to this place."

He left her standing in the shallow porch of the side door to the museum, the one through which Gerry had come that morning to turn off the "Crossing the Bar" mechanism for

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her. As she leaned back against it, getting more and more wet, it occurred to her that she did not remember Polly locking this door when they had gone round fastening up together after Superintendent Luke and Mr. Campion had left.

She tried the handle cautiously, and was rewarded by a waft of warm, camphory air as the door slid open. She remained just inside, waiting for Richard.

He came at last and stepped in gratefully beside her. His face was glistening with water, and there was a cape of damp on his shoulders.

"Thank goodness for this," he said softly. "We'll have to wait for a bit, I'm afraid. The whole blessed place appears to be surrounded by police. There's a carload just under the wall in front here, and at least two bobbies are hanging about in a sort of alley which leads from this to the other back gardens."

He could not see her, but he felt her shiver in the dark.

"Are they after that man?"

"I expect so. We'd better keep absolutely quiet in here until the hullabaloo is over, and then I promised I'd put you straight on a train."

"What will they do? Rush the place?"

RICHARD did not answer. Polly's final injunction had returned to him.

"What are you worrying about?" Annabelle was removing her coat. "I should take off yours if I were you. If we're not to be caught and questioned, there's no reason why we should get cold. How just like Aunt Polly. She knew it was going to happen and wanted to keep me out of it, I suppose."

"That's the important thing," Richard seemed to have made up his mind. "We'll shut this door and lie low. They must know he's here, mustn't they?"
"Of course they do," Annabelle had seated herself on the edge of the centre dais. "Otherwise they wouldn't be here, would they? Come over and wait. Would you care to sit in an elephant or a giraffe?"

While the two were settling themselves, on the opposite side of the road, in a bed-sitting room in one of the unrestored houses a little lower down the street, Mr. Campion, Superintendent Luke, and Detective-Sergeant Picot from the Barrow Road Station, in whose division they were now operating, were listening to Miss Rich. This was Polly's old neighbor, whom she had expected to find when she went down to the door to answer Richard's ring.

The bed-sitting room was on the ground floor directly beside the entrance, and its large win-

dow was separated from the pavement by the deep chasm of the basement area. It had just emerged that Miss Rich was in the habit of deriving what light she needed during the night from the street lamp outside.

"I sit here in the dark looking out of the window and listening to the radio." The educated voice with the deprecating laugh in it came to them out of the shadows. "If you like to draw the curtains I'll turn on the light, but you'll see much better what I mean if you'll pick your way over here and stand behind me."

She had been a schoolmistress. The tone was unmistakable and they obeyed it, stumbling across the cluttered room to find her, a thin figure in a dark gown, lying on a high couch which had been arranged very carefully beside the window.

"There, you see," she said with some pride, "I can see all the houses on that side of the road, the pillarbox on the corner, and just a little tiny scrap of Edge Street itself. There is Number Seven, that's the wall by the dining-room window, and that's where I saw the man get over, as I told the constable."

"Yes, I see, ma'am." Luke was bending down behind the couch to share her angle of vision, and Mr. Campion, whose eyes were unusually good in the dark, was able to save a wavering column of books, boxes, and what he strongly suspected to be dirty plates as he stumbled against them.

"Put everything on the floor," said Miss Rich over her shoulder. "I have a woman once a week who cleans me right up. Then I start again. Now this young man, who was a stranger to me as I told you, walked up to the house soon after Mrs. Tassie and a girl, who I think is her niece, came in."

"He spent five minutes in the porch, where of course I couldn't see him, and then to my astonishment he came hurrying out and actually climbed over the wall. Had I had a telephone I should have used it. But I haven't. I know nobody I wish to ring up, so I spare myself that expense."

She paused reflectively.
"I might have shouted, I suppose. However, I didn't. No one in this house is very helpful. I knew Mrs. Tassie had a man over there to protect her, and a great schoolgirl who would probably have done something if necessary, so I waited a few moments when to my relief a constable came by. I rapped on the window and as you already know he stopped

and I went out to the door and spoke to him. Well, I haven't seen your men go in yet, Superintendent."

"No, ma'am, you haven't." Luke could be as bland as she was. "It's the man who was waiting in the house as Mrs. Tassie came in, he is the fellow we are interested in. Do you know what time he arrived?"

"Jeremy Hawker? You're interested in him, are you? Oh." Her face was in the shadow but each man could have sworn he saw thin lips folding tightly after the final word.

"Do you know him, ma'am?"
"I've met him." She considered and presently glanced to where Mr. Campion stood in the shadow. "I don't want to convey more than I mean," she began, indicating that while he probably knew what she was talking about the police might not.

"I have nothing against the man, and Mrs. Tassie is very fond of him, but if I had not known he was there then I think I should have put a coat over my dressing gown and gone across in the rain to warn her. I do go in sometimes at night in case she's lonely, but since he was there I didn't see why I should bother."

It was to Mr. Campion's credit that he did understand. "Perhaps he takes up a great deal of your friend's time and thought?" he ventured.

"The woman thinks as much of him as if he were her own." The pleasant voice invited them to marvel. "And as far as I can see he's very seldom there and only gives her a lot of worry. I grant you he has a pleasant way with him and is a little more sophisticated than she thinks he is, silly idiot. . . . She's the salt of the earth. No one is too much trouble for her. No intellect, but a long-suffering heart."

Miss Rich broke off, leaving the sentence in the air. "Anyhow," she said suddenly, "she's the only person I've ever met who could put up with me! She's very fond of me. She buys and lends me the most horrible magazine every week. I pretend to read it to please her."

Luke cleared his throat. "At what time did Hawker arrive at Number Seven, ma'am? Did you happen to notice?"

"I did. I was listening to the symphony concert. It must have been about half-past ten. He came up the road on foot, which is unusual. As a rule he has a large smelly car which he leaves about in front of other people's houses. He walked straight into the porch and did not come out again, so he has a key. I often suspected it. He was moving round the rooms after that until they came in."

"How . . . ? Oh, you saw the lights go on and off, I suppose."

"Of course. He went every where except the spare bedroom. He spent quite a time in the office. The telephone is in there. And he was also in the kitchen for a time. That's round the back . . ."

Luke interrupted her. "Round the back," he echoed pointedly.

She laughed. She seemed delighted. "Bend down again and look," she said. "Can you see that lump like the back of a goose standing up against the sky? Over the studio where Polly Tassie keeps her husband's collection of monstrosities. You can?"

"Well, when the kitchen light goes on in Number Seven it shines on that tree. It shows up far better in the summer than in the winter, but I can usually see it. I'm not often wrong. It was on for three or four minutes just be-

fore you came. Someone was heating a nightcap, perhaps. It's rather warm for a hot bottle. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Er—no, ma'am." The Superintendent sounded both respectful and distant. "That'll do very nicely for the time being. Shall we find you in this room if we should need you again?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be here, awake. I don't sleep very much." She sounded as if she were sorry for herself and found the emotion contemptuous. "Walk past the window and beckon and I'll come to the door. Don't ring. You'll wake the house and no one will thank you. I shall sit here and watch what you do. Good-night to you," she continued, looking at Campion again. "If Mrs. Tassie should need anybody besides her niece, her as-good-as-adopted son, her burglar, and the police force, perhaps you would let me know. I could go over, I suppose. Not that I should be of the slightest use."

"Now that's the type of woman I can't stand," said Luke as the three men walked away through the rain together towards the peeling stucco porch of an empty house about thirty yards down the street. "I can just see myself

being comforted by her. 'Don't think of your trouble, think of me, morning, noon, and night.'"

"Just a nut," said Sergeant Picot, speaking for the first time during the incident. "They're not scarce. She produced what was wanted though, didn't she? There the suspect is, all ready to pack up and take home. Shall I walk up to the front door nice and fatherly? We couldn't lose 'im. We've got the whole place surrounded."

"Sorry, George. We're to take no risk. Those are orders." Luke shook himself to scatter the drops from his coat and perched on the parapet which spanned the sides of the square portico guarding the drop to the area beneath.

"We wait and pick him up as he comes out in the decent and orderly manner best calculated to take the so-and-so by surprise."

Picot sniffed and nodded.

"Because he's suspected of being the man in the Church Row shooting, I suppose, sir? Is there any suggestion that he's up to mischief here now?"

Luke moved uneasily. "The idea is that he thinks he's safe here," he said. "While he keeps that conviction it's not very

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MANY years ago I was an eager young bride-elect travelling by train from Melbourne to visit my fiancé, whose people had a property in the Riverina. Two men were sitting opposite me discussing various inhabitants of their district.

One of them mentioned my prospective husband's name and his friend replied: "Yes, isn't it a shame. He's ruining his life. They tell me he's marrying a townie!"

£2/2/- to Mrs. Isla Ryan, Townsville, North Qld.

IT was my 51st birthday, and I wasn't feeling my age too much until my ten-year-old, after much calculation, remarked casually:

"Gee, Mum, only another forty-nine years and you'll be a hundred."

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Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

likely he's going to do any harm to the two women we know are with him."

Picot looked towards the silent house and back again.

"I thought it was said he had prepared an alibi for this trip," he muttered. "What does he want with an alibi if he's up to no harm? I don't feel comfortable about this. What's he doing in there?"

Luke leant back against the tall door column so that his face was in shadow.

"I think he's parking something he doesn't want to keep on him. The gun, even. It would be in line with his method. This is the place he regards as his bolt hole. He keeps the best side of his character here, perhaps."

"What about the old lady? Is she in it with him?"

"Course she is," Luke sounded weary. "I don't suppose she knows it yet. She's just fond of him. I've seen her sort so often I could tell you exactly what's coming to her. If you want to be certain that that chap's crimes are going to be paid for to the final farthing in terms of human agony, you can start celebrating now."

Picot said nothing for a minute, and then he laughed briefly.

"It's funny how people do seem to pay up for one another," he remarked. "I wonder if one could compute it scientifically if it would work out square. Those old women can never lie intelligently, can they? They fluff it and every word they speak puts the bloke in it deeper and deeper. That must add to the damage." His anxiety returned. "When you say parking evidence, you don't think he could be in there destroying it, do you, sir?"

Luke stretched himself. "I don't know," he said. "I don't think so. I hope not. We

must not have any more killings tonight. My worry is that ruddy boy Waterfield. If he hadn't gone in I'd be perfectly easy. He was in the porch five minutes according to Miss Rich. What was he doing there?"

Mr. Campion coughed. "To my eternal shame, I did not wait to see," he said frankly. "I'd just been to the hospital and picked up a description of him from the constable who had seen him with the girl in the morning. It was obviously Waterfield, and I was drifting back to you with the information when suddenly I saw the fellow striding down Edge Street. I followed him and saw him turn into Number Seven. I had no way of telling that Hawker was there, of course, and I had no reason to suppose that Waterfield would stay very long. I had no authority myself, so I doubled back to the nearest phone box and called Tailor Street."

"Ah," said Luke, "did he knock and get no answer, or did someone come to the door and send him away? Miss Rich couldn't tell us. Yet something decided him to climb the wall."

"I don't see how anyone can tell what's happening without taking a dekho," said Picot. "I tell you what, sir. Let me nip round to the street behind this one and get into the garden. I can probably see something through the windows, if it's only where the lights are in the house."

"All right," Luke gave way unwillingly. "If you can find the boy in the grounds, bring him out if you can do it quietly. But frighten Hawker and we've had it."

"I won't frighten him!"

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Picot drew his narrow coat round his hips and turned up his collar. "I'd have to shout to make myself heard against this perishing rain."

He plunged into the down-pour and disappeared in the direction of Edge Street. Luke waited for a while. The road gave every appearance of being empty. All the houses were dark and the police discreetly out of sight. Finally he sighed and grinned towards the shadow which was Mr. Campion.

"I hope you're comfortable, captain. This may take all night."

THE thin man hunched his shoulders. "I was thinking how amazingly like any other big-game hunt it is, except that here one is spared any guilty feeling about being secretly on the side of the animal," he remarked.

"There's something reptilian about this particular quarry of yours, Charles. Tortuous, dexterous, and very near the ground. Contrary to my usual reaction, I rather hope this chap will hang."

Luke grunted. "Hang! Everybody talks to me about hanging," he exploded. "How am I going to charge him, that's what's worrying me."

There was silence while Mr. Campion stared out at the drowned faces of the houses opposite.

"How very extraordinary," he said at last. "I hadn't noticed it. Nothing quite jells, does it?"

"Exactly," Luke made it a growl. "Every lead I pull out is as thin as a bit of cotton.

There are hundreds of strings, but nothing that promises to plait up into a rope. The man is careful and he's tidy, just like I prophesied this morning."

"What will you do? Take him in and question him and hope for the best?"

"It's all I can do." The Superintendent kicked the stucco with his heel. "Anything may turn up at any moment. The lab boys may be lucky. The drinking club girl may come across with some trinket which can be traced. The bullet in the lawyer may match those in the Church Row shooting. We may get positive identification of the waxworks in the bus from all five witnesses. But so far every clue relates to a different crime, and whereas we might try to prove method we might also come an unholy cropper doing it. He'd have a slap-up defence, remember."

"Who will see to that? The newspapers?"

"Or the old lady."

"Dear me," Mr. Campion was apt to use the term when shaken. "He could get clean away."

"Over my dead body," Luke spoke grimly. "We've had one little break and Donne has stayed at Tailor Street to investigate it. The commissioner in the vestibule at the solicitor's office turns out to have been employed in his youth as a spotter at the Casino at Le Moulin. All gambling houses have these chaps, who are specially trained to remember a face whatever disguise its owner adopts, so that banned gamblers may be slung out without trouble."

"If by chance he took a good look at the delivery man he will be able to pick him out

at an identity parade. That could be enough to convict, all other things being equal. But the old boy would have to be very sound in the box."

"Suppose you get the gun?"

"That would do it. That's why I'm sitting so quiet. If Hawker doesn't get wind we're after him he may keep it on him. If he smells a rat he'll ditch it first thing. There are a lot of ifs — too many."

Mr. Campion considered. "Very often this kind of criminal is betrayed," he ventured.

"I don't see who could do it," Luke indicated that the thought had been in his mind. "I am very much afraid that he's that rare bloke who is not dependent on anyone or fond of anyone. You can't be betrayed by someone you've never trusted."

"What about an enemy?"

Luke stood up. "There's just a chance, but only if it's someone he's never suspected, and I should say he's a character who suspects everyone. Hulloo, see who this is?"

He took a step forward as Chief Inspector Donne stepped swiftly out of the rain into the porch. They could not see his face.

"Did he come across?"

Luke's voice was husky.

"The commissioner? Oh, yes; he thinks he'd know the vanman again." Donne sounded surprisingly casual. "He's very old and shaky, though, poor chap. I don't think he'll live till the trial. This has been a terrific shock to him. I've sent him home with his daughter and told her to put him to bed. But don't worry, Super, we've got Hawker. He's in the bag once we get our hands on him."

"I'm glad to hear it," Luke was suspicious. "Something turned up?"

"Yes," Donne emitted a long breath. "The strangest

thing. I'd just finished with the old man and was feeling pretty doubtful about developments when a message came through from the sub-station in Siddon Street. The proprietor of a small restaurant just across the road from the Royal Albert Music Hall had brought in the dead solicitor's wallet, which had been left on a table in his shop by a customer who just got up and walked away after taking all the money and a couple of letters out of it. The rest was intact."

"Phillipson's wallet? I don't believe it."

"I don't blame you. It's not credible." Donne had forgotten all his affectations and was a plain policeman, very nearly incoherent with excitement. "But his name and address were all over it. That's how we got it so soon."

"Can anyone there remember the customer?"

"Oh, it's Hawker, all right. The waitress and her mother, who minds the urns, say they could swear to him. They noticed him particularly because he put on some sort of act. They say he was frightened by a letter he read. After he went out two young working chaps, who were facing him in the eatery, spoke about him. They're regular customers. They'd know him, too. He gave himself away completely and utterly. He must have had a brainstorm."

Luke began to laugh softly in the moist darkness.

"There you are, Campion," he said. "Who betrayed him? Friend or enemy?"

"The only man he didn't suspect, at any rate," said Mr. Campion.

Up in the gay room which looked so homely with the old woman sleeping heavily in her

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chair, Gerry went on with his preparations. He was in a state of mind which was new to him. The suppressed excitement of the morning had left him quiet and intelligent at first, but now a fresh change had taken place and he had become clumsy, his body feeling heavy and unwilling to obey, as in a nightmare.

Although convinced that he had all the time in the world, he was trying to hurry, but was finding it very difficult. The black shadows under his skin had intensified. His clothes hung upon his stiffening muscles and there was a sweat on his forehead like a mould. He kept his eyes away from Polly now, turning his head like a sulking child whenever he passed her.

Yet so far all had gone fairly well. With both door and window sealed, the little chamber was already growing airless, and the fire was burning blue and very low. In an hour, perhaps less, he would let the flame die, and then the gas, insidious and lethal, could pour out into the room.

He looked down at the stove for a moment, and then crossed to the door and turned to survey the scene. The little adjustments he had made to the original scheme to meet the new circumstances were satisfactory enough. The chair drawn up on the opposite side of the hearth to Polly's own looked as if it had always been there, and he had put an occasional table beside it to hold the second beaker.

He felt sure he had nothing to fear. With reasonable luck the tragedy must appear the most natural of accidents. An old woman and her unsuspecting visitor chatting over the fire, unaware that the door had swung shut behind them. Any Coroner's jury, after hearing of the gas official's warning, would bring in misadventure, adding the usual rider drawing public attention to the dangers of imperfect ventilation, and another accident in the home would make a half-day's wonder in the Press.

Gerry opened the door and stood listening at the foot of the stairs leading to the upper floor. The house was quite quiet in its cage of hissing rain. He hesitated, and his thought was quite apparent as he glanced over his shoulder towards the room where the soft cushion he had chosen lay ready on the table. Upstairs the girl was doubtless in her first deep sleep.

He made a movement, paused, glanced down at his hands, and appeared to change his mind. It was clear that he found the improvised plan, which had been made necessary by the accident of Annabelle's visit, difficult or perhaps even

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Hide My Eyes

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distasteful, and he was reluctant to implement it until the last moment.

At length he went back to the room, set his own empty glass and Polly's beaker on the tray ready to take down, resumed his raincoat, and strapped the belt tightly round his ribs as he liked to wear it.

Just before he took up the tray he felt in his pockets and missed the gun. Incredible astonishment appeared in his eyes, but cleared at once as he glanced over at Polly and smiled with the same half-amused exasperation with which he had watched her on that other rainy night when she had stood in his path, and he had sent a taxi to take her out of his way.

GERRY found the weapon at once. He knew exactly where it would be. He opened the glass cupboard, lifted the lid of the tureen, and took it out, together with the handful of assorted documents under it. Polly was a creature of habit, and this was the place where she always hid the things she did not want to lose, but was yet a little ashamed of keeping. He had seen her slip trifles there a hundred times.

The yield on this occasion was much as he had thought it might be, and included a wad of raffle tickets for a working man's club draw, bought at the door, a treatise on vitamins to restore energy from the packaging of a patent medicine, and a current driving licence renewed every year, although she did not own a car and had not driven since she came south.

He put them back, his mouth twisting suddenly out of control. He remembered her so vividly. Then, thrusting the gun back in his pocket, he took up the tray and went swiftly down to the kitchen.

The room welcomed him with its warmth and faint smells of food and ironing, and he took his time washing the glass, polishing it, and when he set it back in the cupboard he held it with the cloth. He rinsed the beaker very thoroughly indeed, and made it dirty again immediately with some drops of milk which he found in the saucepan on the draining board. And that, too, he held and wiped with the cloth when he replaced it on the tray to take upstairs again.

His next problem was the

boiler. This square coke-burning box of cream enamel matched the stove beside it, and they were both crowded into the original square hearth where the Victorian range had once stood. Gerry opened the door at the bottom and found that, as he had feared, the fire was dead. The ragged jacket which he had crammed into the top while he was waiting for Polly to come home had stopped the draught completely.

He got up cursing, and went over to the cupboard beneath the sink, where he found a half-used packet of the old-fashioned firelighters which she always used. They were pale brown slabs of greasy wax which looked like fudge and smelled like turpentine, and were used broken up into small pieces and lit directly beneath the solid fuel.

He prised the jacket out of the top of the boiler, filled the cavity with coke, which he found waiting in a tall, thin galvanised hod or scoop by the stove, and spent the next few minutes and a third of the lighters getting it to burn again. Once he was sure of it he got up, dusted his hands, and gave attention to the jacket which lay, a smouldering mass, upon the shining black top of the closed stove.

He could not be sure if it was actually burning or if it had merely retained some of the smoke from the original fire, and he prodded it dubiously. It was warm but by no means hot, and the padding on the shoulders looked indestructible.

He was turning the garment over in an attempt to find out if any part of it was alight when his hand touched something bulky in the inside breast pocket. A sudden stab of apprehension touched his heart, and, with color flooding savagely into his face, he put in his hand and drew out a roll of notes and Polly's letters to Matt Phillipson, both of which he had taken from the dead man's wallet while he was sitting in the cafe.

He remembered he had put them in his coat as soon as the waitress had warned him about displaying the money, and he had not thought of either of them since. From that instant they had vanished from his mind as completely as if a

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sponge had wiped them off a slate.

He stood holding his breath, realisation breaking over him in a wave.

The wallet. Where was it? To him the most terrifying thing was that he knew, he knew quite well. He had known all the time. He knew he had walked directly out of the cafe, leaving the leather folder behind him on the table, and he had done it almost but not quite deliberately. Only the finest veil of unawareness had hung between him and that suicidal act.

He shied away from the certainty in trembling fury, and searched through every other pocket both in the jacket and in the clothes he wore, and finally opened the boiler-plate again, and with a gesture which he knew was futile, thrust his bare hand into the coke.

At last he became very quiet. His shoulders were hunched and all his movements became a little smaller as if he was shrinking into himself as the old seem to do. He took up the jacket and the firelighters and pushed them together into the empty coke hod, and turned from the stove. His glance travelled slowly across the room to come to rest on the dark window sprinkled with raindrops, and in that instant his eyes met another pair of eyes looking in.

Sergeant Picot, who had been watching from the yard ever since the light had appeared in the kitchen, stepped back at once and would have taken his oath on it that he had not been seen.

Gerry gave no sign of alarm, but he slid the paper money and the letters into the hod which he was carrying and walked on smoothly to the door with it, where he turned out the switch. Then he drew his gun, and with that in his right hand and the scoop containing the smouldering jacket in his left, he crept back to the window.

There is always a certain amount of light from a city sky, but while he could just make his way about the house by the faint glow from the

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

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window, the garden, lying low between high walls, was in complete darkness, and out there he could see nothing.

He came away at last and moved very softly into the small square lobby outside the kitchen door. A short flight of stairs directly in front of him led up to the front hall and as he stood at the foot of them his eyes were almost on a level with the floor, so that he could see a narrow ribbon of grey light from the street where the front door did not quite fit its worn step.

As he stood watching, an unmistakable shadow passed across this line and back again, so that he knew that a man stood waiting in the porch.

He crept up the hall and turned into the little office where he stood flattened against the wall beside the window, peering over his shoulder into the street. There was no one actually loitering outside the gate, but a heavy figure hurrying up the pavement on the opposite side of the road had something about him which was unmistakable.

Gerry moved away. Stepping very quietly, he regained the hall and turned down the passage to the museum. The door to the corridor which linked the house to the studio was kept fastened at night, but, as he knew, the key was always left in the lock. He got the latch undone without noise and felt his way through the yard or so of wooden tunnel carpeted with matting and smelling of varnish, to push open the swing door to the collection.

As he stepped into the airless, aromatic atmosphere he saw the square skylight, a patch of yellowish grey in the dark roof. Below it there was a cluster of grotesque shapes

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just discernible against the deeper shadow.

For a second he hesitated, his hand tightening round his gun. He thought he had heard a movement somewhere amid the shadows. It had been a rustle or a sigh, as if someone had caught his breath. He listened, but it did not come again, and after a time he went on, advancing slowly down the side aisle past the dais.

He was so stunned by the discovery of his self-betrayal that his behaviour was largely automatic. Just as a hunted animal will continue to run for some time after a bullet has killed it, so he pressed on with the plan he had made.

He was making for the old iron stove which heated the room in very cold weather and was now almost certainly empty. When he had carried Polly's milk down to be reheated and had discovered that the boiler was out, he had decided that this stove in the museum was the one place where the cremation of the jacket could be accomplished successfully.

He had been anxious to destroy the ragged garment because he realised that it had been the outstanding item of his costume when he had carried the wooden box into the house in Minton Terrace, and he knew that over ninety per cent. of the people who had noticed him at all there would in fact only have noticed the coat.

It was very dark in the side aisle and although he knew the place so well he found that he was brushing against the crowded exhibits as he passed. To get away from them he swerved across the parquet towards the dais.

The shadows sitting there, crouching so still not three feet away from him, seemed to materialise while he stared at it. He stopped, gripping his gun, his hairs prickling on his scalp. The shape changed in

contour and a blurred white face peered up at him.

"Oh," said Annabelle, her voice shrill in the darkness. "Oh, you've got a revolver!"

In the instant of paralysis while his slowed mind registered the astonishing fact that the girl he intended to silence was here, and not where he expected her to be, upstairs asleep in her room, a second shadow streaked out of the blackness and a blow under his wrist sent the weapon spinning out of his grasp. Immediately afterwards a fist crashed into his face, catching him under the cheekbone.

The scoop dropped out of his hand and rolled away into the dry darkness and he struck out savagely, to meet a whirlwind. Richard plunged into the fight as some small men do with a reckless belligerence which offsets any disadvantage. He was used to giving away enormous amounts of weight and his reach was inadequate, but he was hard-headed and very fit, and on this occasion he had the advantage of surprise.

All day he had been growing more and more angry. He did not understand the world which had threatened to absorb his newly found and beautiful Annabelle, but everything he had so far discovered about it had struck him as inexplicably second class and ordinary. And now her statement, coming to him out of the tingling dark, touched off an explosion.

For the first time in his life he experienced outrage.

He hurled himself at Gerry without doubting it was he, and after a minute or two of hard milling had the extreme satisfaction of feeling him go down with a crash before his right. He flung himself upon him without pause, fought for his throat, and, twisting his tie round his wrist, achieved a stranglehold.

"You pulled a gun on her," he muttered, drumming his

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knees into the narrow ribs as if he was riding a recalcitrant horse. "A gun! You had the blasted impudence to draw a gun."

On top of the attack, which was utterly unexpected, Gerry recognised the voice, and the last flimsy shreds of illusion dropped from his eyes.

"You . . . followed me from the Teniel?" The words were breathy in the airless dark.

"I followed you from here to the barber's this morning," Richard could not resist telling him. "I brought Annabelle here, and, as she's only a kid, I wanted to know what sort of life she was going to find. Now I know. I've been to Rolf's Dump and so have the police. They're round this house now waiting for you to come out. I don't care if they catch you or if they don't, but I won't have Annabelle mixed up in any mucky little scandal. Do you understand that or don't you?"

Gerry did not move. The discovery that Richard regarded him as some sort of small-time crook flourishing a gun to frighten a woman had an extraordinary effect upon him. It arrived like a brief mercy, a little screen to hide for a moment his naked horror, which had become terrifying even to himself.

He let his body go limp. "All right," he sounded merely sulky.

Richard released his hold and got up. As he stepped back his heel knocked something heavy and he stooped and picked it up. It was the gun, and he stood holding it.

"Back up, Gerry, and clear out of this building," he said. "I don't care if you go back into the house or not, but I don't want you found in here with us."

The young voice was strong and authoritative, and a little way down the room Annabelle, responding to it, opened the door into the garden, to let in a great swirling gust of mid-night air.

Immediately, from somewhere just behind them, there came the sound of a strange, sucking breath, followed at once by a small blunt noise like a toy balloon bursting, and a sheet of orange flame shot up from the edge of the dais and began to spread.

As Gerry reeled to his feet the whole of the far end of the museum appeared to catch fire at once. It happened in a moment and without warning, like the descent of a fire bomb.

The explanation was simple. At the beginning of the fight, when Gerry had dropped the

coke scoop, it had rolled over and over and the jacket had fallen half out of it with the firelighters amid its folds. The heat had melted the wax and the sudden draught from the garden door had fanned the cloth into flame. The museum was ripe for burning, like a bonfire saved for a celebration. Even the stuffed beasts, impregnated for many years with a naphtha spray against moth, were dry and tinder-like with age and dust.

The ostrich lamp with its silken shade blazed like a sacrificial torch, flinging sparks up into the roof, and as they fell they started other fires, so that the whole building was as good as lost in the first three minutes.

"Get out before you're suffocated!" he gasped and pushed her into the garden. "Mrs. Tassie is all right. She's not in the same building. She can get out through the house, can't she?"

He threw the final question at the man who had reeled out behind them.

"Get the door shut. The air's making it worse in there."

Out in the rain the darkness was newly alive. On the other side of the wall at the end of the garden someone was shouting, and from the path to the back road the sound of running feet came thudding towards them. Already the glare from the museum was lighting the dark branches of the trees, so that the watchers in the street in front had been alarmed.

Richard's arm was round Annabelle's shoulders.

"It's no use us hanging about any longer. We'll have to see the police," he said to her. "Come on, pretty. We'll go and meet them."

He glanced back at the shadow beside him. "You'd better go in through the kitchen, Gerry, and warn the old lady, hadn't you? Or are you going to make a dash for it while the going's good?"

His dislike and contempt, which were both so essentially youthful, had not lessened, and the face of the silent figure beside him made no impression upon him. He did not even see it.

The notion that something a little less than a man might be trembling there, struggling feebly to wrap itself in the shreds of a false and shameful identity which had been casually created for it by Richard himself, was something quite outside his imagination. It was an aspect of hell which, mercifully, was not in his comprehension.

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

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"Anyway," he said fiercely, "don't stay here. We don't wish to see anything of you again, and I don't want to have to explain this, either, so take it with you please."

The clatter of the wooden gate less than forty feet away from them lent emphasis to the words. Gerry felt a cold weight thrust into his hand. He turned back blindly into the fire, his fingers closing round the gun.

The museum of oddities, the collection of nonsense, the jokes in bad taste, and all the other naive banalities were about to burn to the ground, but so far most of the actual blaze was confined to the dais and the farther end of the building, so that the creeping figure holding the weapon was able

mouth, but although his finger curled round the trigger he did not press it.

The time crept by. The corner was very cool, very dark.

In the end he stirred painfully. The gun slid out of his hand, dropping into the carpeted well below him, and then, very slowly and as if he had no strength in his body, he began to climb hand over hand up the steps, across the hallway, and finally, as if it were a mountain he was essaying, up the main staircase.

It was an hour after dawn when Sergeant Picot placed a cup of nice black tea on the desk where Luke sat writing in the office which had once been his own in the Barrow Road Station.

"It's like the good old days, chief," he remarked, demoting his hero in a fit of pure nostalgia. "Well, that's that, and very satisfactory." He jerked his square head in appreciation of good work done. "He's a cool one. I hope he gets what's coming to him. That was only done for show, you know, him bringing the woman out. Do you know what he said to me?"

Luke had heard, for it was all over the station, but he was a kind man even in the early morning. He made an interested noise and took up the tea, for which he was very grateful.

Picot leaned across the desk, his solid face shocked as a child's.

"I said to 'im as I put on the bracelets, I said, 'What made you go back for the old girl?' 'Pon my Sam he looked me square in the face and spoke as straight as if he was saying his prayers. 'Because I need her,' he said. It was as crude as that. Serve 'im right if she turns on him when she comes out of hospital and sees what's happened to her property and hears what he's been up to."

"She won't," The Superintendent spoke with utter certainty.

"Then she's a fool," said Picot, "because that chap really is the cold-blooded monster that the papers are going to call him. D'you honestly think she'll stick by him when it all comes out?"

Luke sighed and went back to his report. His vivid face was furrowed with weariness.

"I know it," he said. "She'll forgive him without question whatever he's done to her and however high we hang him. And he knows it. It's no use you blaming her. She can't help herself. She's only a vehicle. That's Disinterested Love, chum, a force, like nuclear energy. It's an absolute."

Picot shrugged his shoulders. He was disgusted.

"Well, he left the wallet on the cafe table and his gun on the stairs so he made pretty certain of hanging," he observed with some satisfaction. "He couldn't stand himself any longer, that's what it amounts to."

"I doubt it," Luke put another sheet in the typewriter. "In my experience that kind of blackout always indicates an explosion. Either some unexpected idea or demand set off an emotional spark which he didn't know he had in him, or some force from outside suddenly succeeded in penetrating his hide and startled him out of his senses for a minute. We shall never know quite what it was. It's not the sort of evidence which comes out at a trial."

Picot said nothing but sat down at the other desk and put on his spectacles. There was a great deal of work to be done.

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to cross the few feet of parquet to the swing door in the passage. He burst through the second door and closed it behind him, and came safely into the cool hall of the little house where all was dark and quiet.

He went down the short flight of steps towards the kitchen and turned back to see the grey streak showing under the front door. For minutes he watched it fixedly and dropped slowly down until he was lying on the stairs, his eyes level with the top step. But the grey line remained unbroken. The watcher had been alarmed by the fire. The shadow had gone.

The house was silent as the end of the world. The noises from outside, the shouts and the hollow alarms of the firebells, the police whistles, and the stamp of feet were far away from him, as if already they belonged to a place in which he had no claim, and as he lay there in the little dark hole, with the gun in his hand, he heard them without interest.

He was nothing, and there was nothing for him.

After a time he put the muzzle of the weapon into his

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ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.
★ Luck in a new deal.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-JUNE 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck through the opposite sex.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in concentration.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Luck among young people.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.
★ Gambling colors, white, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in a happy ending.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in keeping your wits.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a shop window.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in dignity.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, brown, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
★ Luck in a secret.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, orange.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck through friends.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck with the public.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a beginning.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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F3736



F4788



F5081



833

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty floral design. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Centre mat 12 by 12in. and small mats 6 by 6in. Price 6/11, postage 8d. extra.

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Attractively designed apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron striped cotton. The color choice includes coffee and white, aqua and white, pale blue and white, and pink and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 15/9, 36 and 38in. bust 16/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

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One-piece swimsuit is obtainable cut out ready to make in woven cotton gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, lilac and white, and black and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 21/9, 36 and 38in. bust 24/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

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834



835



836

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2. Sprinkle measured amount of powder on top of water.
3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.

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L 120, HPC

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR, his giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA are travelling through Red Indian country when they discover an un-civilised tribe living in a remote village and still believing in ancient curses and superstitions. One of the young tribesmen reports the appearance of a "Thunder-

god" in an area forbidden to the Indians and known as the Sacred Mesa. Mandrake wants to meet the god, but the Indians fear that any interference will not only bring the wrath of the Thundergod upon Mandrake but also upon their tribe, which will be destroyed. The Indians confer. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Just squeeze it on!

Adorn
CREAM
HOME PERM
in a
handy tube



You can
Recap Tube
for future use

Comb through,
roll up, rinse.
Your hair perms
as it dries!
No drip! No mess!
No bother!

11/6

H130A

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like this



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move
without
agony?

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**DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOLS**

When your back feels in a vice—
muscles stiff and sore—every
move a stab of pain—it is often
due to deposits of acids from
poisonous toxins in the blood.
The wonder-drug THIONINE, one
of the therapeutic ingredients
in Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS,
helps cleanse your blood of these
poisons that cause ill-health.
If you or yours suffer rheuma-
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neuritis, kidney and bladder
weakness, constant headaches or
hot flashes, start the MEN-
THOLS treatment right away.
MENTHOLS, with helpful diet
chart, are 9/6 or 5/- everywhere.

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MENTHOLS**

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Destroy unsightly hairs permanently
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without affecting the skin.

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Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer
Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chem-
ists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St.,
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Mail order (9/- including postage)
from above, or direct from The
"VANIX" Co. (Dept. W.1), Box 38-A,
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quickly!**

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of haemorrhoids? Then here's
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OINTMENT will quiet the itching
QUICKLY—soothe and lubri-
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DOAN'S OINTMENT has been
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years—and it's oh, so gentle.
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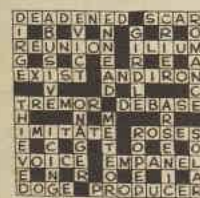
TEENA by
Lilla Terry



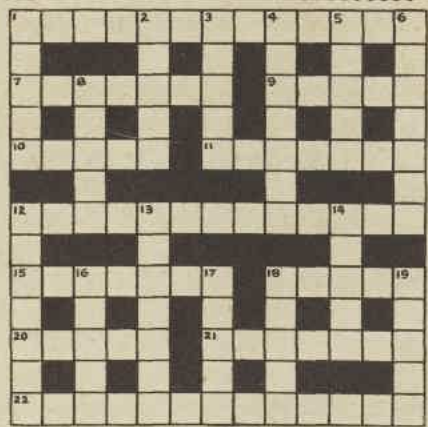
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Already in ancient Greece this was the beginning and the end and it is still so (5, 3, 5).
7. Redeems from captivity with a badly organised arson and a short manuscript (7).
9. Catching contrivances in favor (5).
10. Live in concord with a favor which is obsolete (5).
11. Legislator kept on a rest (7).
12. You must perform these actions before you may inwardly digest it (4, 4, 5).
15. Fine particles if turned to food fishes (7).
18. Keen perception ending in a den of beasts (5).
20. Senior tree (5).
21. Frozen mountain or an all-weather bath (7).
22. Put an early stop to something not necessarily to a flowering shrub (2, 3, 2, 3, 3).



Solution of last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

1. Our circulation would stop without it (5).
2. Residence of a sailor with a poem meant to be sung (5).
3. Snug places not only for birds (5).
4. On a clot (Anagr. 7).
5. Accurate out of a statute law (5).
6. He won't make a bookie poorer (4, 3).
8. Opera composed by Bellini (5).
12. Mirror or meditate (7).
13. Device for catching trespassers ending in a single 9 across (7).
14. Proverb which tells that its period of life is not from B.C. (5).
16. The French sanctum was shipped as a cargo (5).
17. Descendant of icons (5).
18. It is certainly not fish, not even a good red herring (5).
19. I, in a grid, am not easily bent (5).

Illustrated: "Heart's Desire," frock by John J. Hilton



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for that crisp, fresh look

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11
A.M.

They will brighten up your morning tea.

8
A.M.

Buttered and placed face to face they are at home in the school bag.



4
P.M.



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MY "RACING
FOOD"

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Biscuits
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